

FREIGHT CRASHES INTO PASSENGER

Accident on Pennsylvania Tuesday Night at Columbus.—Eight Persons Injured.

ALBERT MILLER AMONG NUMBER

Cut Over Right Eye But Injuries Not Serious.—Jonesville Woman Was Hurt.

At Columbus Tuesday night, a north bound Pennsylvania freight crashed head-on into south bound passenger train No. 32 which is due in Seymour at 9:26.

Eight persons were injured, among them Albert Miller, who lives just east of Seymour. He was returning from Indianapolis and was sitting in the last coach when the collision occurred. He was badly shaken up and received a bad cut above his right eye but otherwise uninjured. He came on to Seymour on No. 32 and was able to walk out home.

Mrs. Joe Bergsticker of Jonesville, was also among those who were hurt. At the time of the collision, she was sitting facing the rear of the car and when the jolt came, her head struck forcibly against the side of the coach. Her head, back and right arm were injured but her injuries though quite painful, are not serious.

The only one who was dangerously hurt, was J. P. Stagg, a New York traveling salesman. He was taken to the Columbus city hospital and it is feared he will die. D. E. Lemon, a fireman on the freight, was badly hurt; in jumping from the engine he struck a switch guard.

At the time of the collision, the passenger train was standing in front of the station taking water. The freight train, which was a double header carrying 20 double-deck carloads of sheep which were shipped from Louisville, suddenly appeared running at a high rate of speed, and the engine crews of both trains, seeing that a collision could not be averted, jumped. The three engines were interlocked in the crash and the passenger train was hurled 100 feet back along the track.

Conductor George Underwood of Indianapolis, and Engineer J. E. Cran of Jeffersonville were in charge of the passenger train, and the conductor of the freight train was George Graham of Jeffersonville and C. C. Combs of Jeffersonville was the engineer. Engineer Herbert Shaw of Indianapolis, and Fireman D. E. Lemon of Jeffersonville, were in charge of the second freight engine.

The railroad officials at once began an investigation to determine the responsibility for the wreck. The trains had orders to pass at Columbus. The engineer of the freight claims that the air brakes refused to work and he was unable to stop his train. When he found the brakes would not work properly, he whistled a warning several times but it was too late to prevent the crash.

When news of the wreck was received in Seymour, several men who had stock shipped from here Tuesday night, were afraid their shipments were in the crash. However the freight which was in this wreck, carries only Kentucky shipments.

Don't Forget
That it Pays
to Paint with
CC Liquid Paint
A personal guarantee on all
Paint purchased at
our store,
Andrews Drug Co.
W. S. HANDY, Mgr.
The Rexall Store
On the Corner
Registered Pharmacists
Phone 633

MARRIED.
RINNE-SCHMITT.
Dr. John I. Rinne of Lapel, Ind., and Miss Dora Schmitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Schmitt, were married Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, 205 N. Pine street at 9 o'clock by Rev. C. E. Asbury, pastor of the First M. E. church. Only the immediate family and relatives were present. The wedding march was played by Miss Mary Schmitt, sister of the bride. After the ceremony refreshments were served and Dr. and Mrs. Rinne left on the 12:35 train for their future home at Lapel. Dr. Rinne is a young man of sterling character who is doing well in his professional work at Lapel where he has been located one year. He graduated from the State University in 1907 and from the I. U. School of Medicine in 1909. He was a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity and the Phi Beta Pi medical fraternity. He was connected with the Indianapolis city hospital two years.

Mrs. Rinne is an estimable young lady and an active church worker. They have the best wishes of their large circle of friends.

MORE POOR AIDED.

In Indiana But the Expense Has Been Greatly Reduced.

The report of the Board of State Charities shows that the amount paid out in 1910 for out-door poor relief in the state was \$13,786.15 less than in 1909.

The trustees gave \$266,181 to aid the poor not in state institutions. In fifty townships no aid was given and in 440 townships the amount was less than \$100.

The surprising statement is made that though the population of the state has increased 23.1 per cent. since 1891 the township poor relief expense has decreased 52.4. The publicity given to statistics collected from trustees' reports has resulted in a more careful administration of the poor funds. The average annual expense in aid of poor during the five years beginning in 1891 was \$573,850.95. For the five years ending in 1910, the average was \$25,912.41.

In 1891 when Indiana's population numbered 2,192,404, townships poor relief amounted to \$560,012.35, an average of 25.5 cents per capita. The census of 1910 gave the state's population as 2,700,876 and at the same per capita rate as obtained in 1891, township poor relief in 1910 would have amounted to \$688,723.38 instead of \$266,181.16—a saving of \$422,542.22.

Entertained Club.
Mrs. O. S. Guernsey, who is the retiring president of the Magazine Club, entertained its members Tuesday evening at her home on West Second street. One of the features of the evening was the requiring of each member to give something original, which proved quite entertaining.

The prophecy of the club for ten years from now was given by Mrs. W. F. Pfaffenberger. Mrs. B. F. Schneck proved herself an artist in drawing. Mrs. S. A. Barnes gave a character sketch of each member of the club, and the ghost stories of Mrs. Allen Swope were thrilling. These and many other interesting features made the evening an enjoyable one. Refreshments were served. An out-of-town guest was Mrs. Simeon Jones, of Covington, Ky.

Get your Ice Cream at Sweeney's Stand. m13th.

Order Ice from H. F. White. alltf

New Line
of
Ribbon
at
10cts. a yd.
All Colors
This will save you
money
HOADLEYS
PHONE 26.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS.

Consider Selection of Postoffice Site in Seymour a Knotty Problem.

Evidently the Washington officials are worrying considerably over the selection of a postoffice site in Seymour. A special from there says that the selection of sites in Portland and Seymour are two of the knotty problems the treasury department has on hands and that arrangements had been made for R. O. Bailey, assistant secretary of the treasury in charge of public buildings, to come to Indiana to inspect in person the sites offered in the two cities.

The special says: "Politics has crept into the contest at Seymour. Judge Joseph H. Shea is taking an active part in favor of one of the sites offered. He was in favor of one of the sites offered. He was in Washington not long ago and was accompanied to the treasury department by Senator Shively and Representative Dixon. Leading Republicans of Seymour, have written vigorous letters to the department, objecting to the selection of the site championed by Judge Shea. It is probable that final decisions in both of the long-drawn-out contests will be reached after Mr. Bailey's visit to Indiana.

As stated in this paper Tuesday Mr. Bailey visited Seymour that morning and inspected two sites, the one at the southeast corner of Third and Chestnut streets and one at the southeast corner of Second and Ewing streets. The latter is the one mentioned in the Washington dispatch in which Judge Shea is understood to be interested.

A SHUTDOWN

At Greeman Factory Which May Possibly Last Until July.

The cabinet and machine departments of the Greeman Furniture Factory closed down Tuesday evening and will remain closed for a week or ten days and possibly until July 1st.

The length of time of the shut-down depends on the orders received by the factory. From 60 to 75 percent of the employees of the factory are affected by the shut-down.

Although this is generally a dull season at the factory business has not been as good the past few months as usual. Numerous shipments of orders which the company have on their books have been held up until July, there being a strong inclination on the part of buyers to go slow until they know more about the prospects for fall business. As the spring business at the factory was not as good as usual, the ware rooms are filled and the factory can not proceed with the manufacture of more goods for future delivery until some of the accumulated stock is shipped out. Mr. Greemann looks for a good business in July.

The men at the factory have been working about 45 hours a week the past three weeks.

Earthquake in Mexico.
A dispatch from Mexico City today stated that an earthquake shortly after 4 o'clock this morning wrecked seven buildings, including the artillery quarters, where about seventy soldiers were buried in the ruins and killed.

Joseph McNelly and Lottie Chappel were on trial before a jury in Justice Congdon's court this afternoon on a charge of adultery.

A crowd of young ladies, mostly clerks, are arranging for a picnic at Mineral Springs Sunday.

Phone 621 for Ice. Claude Carter.

DREAMLAND
"INDIAN'S MISTAKE"
(Bison Western)
"THIRTY MINUTES"
(Reliance Drama)
Illustrated Song
By Miss Lois Reynolds.
Majestic Theatre
JACK HOWARD, Manager.
Notice TRIPLE SHOW Notice
"A Western Ruse" (Powers)
"Little Nell's Tobacco" (Imp.)
"A Bar U Ranch" (Bison)
Illustrated Song
All for 5 cents.

DESTRUCTION OF FISH HEDGES

In the Muscatatuck Accomplished By Two Fish Deputies and Several Seymour Fishermen.

TOOK TRIP DOWN THE RIVER

Found Many Evidences of Violation of Fish Laws.—Nets and Traps Captured.

Two deputy fish wardens, Fred Ehlers, of Indianapolis, and Joe Buckles, of Greensburg, accompanied by John Congdon, D. L. Prall, George Frederick and Frank Tiemeyer started Saturday night from Chestnut Ridge on a trip down the Muscatatuck. They went as far as Sparksville and returned home Tuesday evening. The ostensible purpose of the trip was to fish and catch frogs, but the real purpose of the trip was to discover violations of the fish laws. Though no violators were captured, plenty of evidences were found of the wholesale violation of the laws along the river.

From the point where the party started, to the mouth of the river, a large number of fish hedges were discovered. Some were made of boards and others of slats and poles. Thirty-four of these hedges were destroyed by the party. Five nets and seven traps were also destroyed. In one net fifty pounds of fish were found. In this net was a thirty pound catfish.

The fish were eaten by the party, they having no time to fish. They had a strenuous time. It was hard work and little sport tearing out the hedges and getting the two boats over the drifts. Some of the latter were as long as a city block and in places thirty feet high. The men carried a block and tackle to use in getting the boats over some of the bad places. The members of the party who had never gone down the stream before were astonished at the almost endless windings of the river. Frederick and Tiemeyer made the trip last year. The fish wardens, surprised at the evidences of violations, have determined to make strong efforts later to catch the violators.

Missionary Tea.

The regular quarterly Missionary Tea given by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the First Methodist church, was held Tuesday afternoon in the church parlors and the Standard Bearers who were in charge made the affair an enjoyable one for all present.

After the program which was an interesting one, refreshments were served.

Entertained Class.

Mrs. Omer Beach entertained Mrs. W. A. Carter's Sunday School class of the First Baptist church Tuesday afternoon at her home on South Walnut street. The afternoon was pleasantly spent. Refreshments were served.

Blanch Barick's Sunday School class, of the Presbyterian Church, will hold a lawn fete, Thursday evening, June 8th, on the vacant lot in the Read-Jordan addition. Ice cream, cake, lemonade and candy will be served. Come and bring your friends.

IT PROTECTS
FIRE INSURANCE POLICY

Perhaps your property might be snuffed out by a fire—have you fire insurance?
AFTER the fire isn't the time to make a resolution to never to be without insurance.
Right NOW is THE TIME to have us place your insurance in one of our strong, safe companies.
The cost is nominal and if we place the insurance, the protection is the best.
FRED EVERBACK AGENCY CO.
Office over Milhous Drug Store.

NEWSY PARAGRAPHS.

Columbus is preparing for a big celebration on July 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Setzer of Columbus, attended the funeral of Arnold Riley Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barkhau and children left this morning for their future home in Indianapolis.

William H. Jackson, who lives ten miles east of Columbus, was before the pension board here today.

H. C. Beyer is very ill at his home at Rockford. Dr. Banker of Columbus, was called yesterday to attend him.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hull and daughter went to Columbus this morning to attend the funeral of the late John Gant.

Roscoe Speers, baggage master at the B. & O., resumed his duties this morning after several days' lay off on account of a mashed finger.

James N. Marsh, Congressman Dixon's secretary, is at his home in Columbus, called there from Washington by the illness of his wife.

East bound passenger train No. 4 on the B. & O. was 1 hour and 50 minutes late this morning, due to the engine breaking down at Vincennes.

August Kiel from east of Jonesville, was here Tuesday. He suffered a heavy loss Monday by the burning of his barn which was struck by lightning.

Ira Gardiner, of Indianapolis, who is architect for the Blish building, was here today. He returned a few days ago from Mexico where he spent several weeks.

William, the 12 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Eckstein was admitted to the Schneck hospital this morning and underwent an operation at 8 o'clock.

Rolla Ortel, telegraph operator, who has been employed at Seymour by the B. & O. S-W. railway company has taken the management of the Postal Telegraph Company's office here. —Columbus Republican.

An order was posted in the car department at the B. & O. Southwestern shops this morning requesting that all the men employed in that department work 59 hours a week. Ten hours a day except Saturday and nine hours on Saturday. —Washington Herald.

The Columbus Republican Tuesday said: Coroner Bracken will not hold an inquest on the death of the late John Gant, as he lived a short time after he was struck by lightning, and Dr. Pettigrew, who was called, has made out a certificate of the cause of death.

Mrs. O. H. Griest of Shoals, a State worker for the Christian Women's Board of Missions, will give an address to the newly organized society at the Christian church Sunday. Mrs. Griest was here during the District Missionary Meeting held at the First M. E. Church and gave a splendid address.

The Sparta is the right place for Ice Cream and Candies. j10tf

Young Scout Shoes
Are the ideal shoes for summer wear: Elk skin upper raw hide sole, unlined, making them cool. Seamless, can not rip. Low enough to be cool, high enough to keep the dirt out, as comfortable as being bare foot. Little girls' sizes, 9 to 12 \$1.35. Youths' sizes, 13 to 2 \$1.75. Boys' sizes, 3 to 5 \$2.00.
Wearers of Rice & Hutchins Shoes are comfortably, tastefully and economically shod.
Ross--Shoes
The Gold Mine is opposite us.

UNION EVENING SERVICES.

Will Be Held By Seymour Churches During Hot Weather.

Informally the ministers of the churches in Seymour have decided that it will be well to hold open air union services during the heated season. It is desired that all pastors and all people of whatever church, or belonging to no church, feel perfectly free to enter heartily into all of these services. Definite announcements are to be made when arrangements are completed.

Coroner Held Inquest.

The coroner of Bartholomew county held an inquest Tuesday on the death of James Hobson. Hobson, who had relatives in Seymour and had visited here frequently, was drowned in White River Sunday. The body did not come to the surface after it sank and the coroner was unable to account for this. One theory was that his clothing caught on something in the bottom of the river; another theory was that Hobson was swimming over handed, and in that way probably filled his lungs full of water before he sank.

Tuesday Club.

The Tuesday Club met with Mrs. John Groub on North Walnut street Tuesday afternoon. The program was:

Reign of Alfonso XII
Regency of the Queen.....
..... Mrs. Montgomery
Revolutions in Cuba and Philippines
Spanish-American War.....
..... Mrs. Williams
Discussion: Was the War with Spain Justifiable?....Mrs. Pfaffenberger

Card of Thanks.

We desire to thank all our friends and neighbors and especially the M. E. choir and pastor, Rev. C. E. Asbury and F. J. Voss, the undertaker for their sympathy and assistance at the death and burial of our son, F. A. Riley. They will always be held in kind remembrance.

Mr. and Mrs. David Riley.

Salaries Increased.

The postoffice department has announced that eighty-two Indiana postmasters will receive salary increases July 1, due to increased postal receipts at their offices during the past year. Postmaster Benton, of Brownstown, and Postmaster Remy, of Seymour, will each receive a \$100 increase.

The Barlow Photo Shop.

Will close last of June until October 1. You are thinking of those promised photos. Let us suggest you come early. 408 Indianapolis Ave. Phone 330. m15dtf

Auto Passenger Service.

Will convey passengers to any part of the city or county. Call the Schacht garage. R. W. Irwin. Phone 772. je10d

BORN.

To Mr. and Mrs. Emery Webber, Monday, June 5, a son.
To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Franklin, Tuesday, June 6, a son.

Sunday Game.

Seymour Imperial base ball team will play Waymansville here Sunday. Fletcher and Wiley will form the battery.

Entertained Club.

Mrs. Mike Fox was hostess to the Bi-Weekly Club this afternoon at her home on East Second street.

Phone 621 for Ice. Claude Carter.

Ship Your Goods by Interurban Freight or Express.
It's Quick and Sure
I. & L. Traction Co.
NICKEL DOUBLE SHOW
THE SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER
(Patha Western Drama)
A STAGE ROMANCE
(Edison Drama)
SONG—"IN WINTER"
By Mr. Len Kettels.

Women Inventors

**Praised for Great
Many Useful
Articles**

By JOHN D. WHITE



A TOTAL number of patents approximating 6,500 have been issued directly to women. Of these a bare dozen would come under the caption of "freak" inventions, and there is not a single product of the perpetual motion crank. Dearth of whimsicalities show that practicability is a characteristic of the woman inventor.

Harriet Hosmer, famed as a sculptor, has invented the permanent magnet as a motive power. This is used in lifting large masses of metal. She also has discovered a method of transmitting limestone into marble.

A process of producing artificial marble was invented by Mme. Dutillet. Mme. Poppova has invented a rudderless airship which competent authorities pronounce a success. It has been called the "annulated dragon" from its peculiar construction. Mme. De Condray was the inventor of the manikin, useful in the teaching of anatomy.

The familiar ice-cream freezer was patented in 1843 by Mrs. Nancy M. Johnson. The model in the patent office shows that it has remained practically unchanged. Jeanette Powers invented the aquarium, and the Coston light so useful in maritime signaling at night, is named from its inventor, a Washington woman.

Lady Amherst's patent spring collapsible muff has had quite a vogue among the ultra fashionables. Miss Madeline Edison, who assists her famous father in his laboratory, has invented and marketed an automobile map.

Mary E. Walton's noise deadener, adaptable to elevated railways, and her smoke consumer, are both successful. The apiarist is indebted to Frances Dunham for the comb foundation for her bee hives, which so increases the saccharine crop. The essential feature of this invention is that all the cells are "worker" size.

Sally Rosenthal's pocket sewing machine; Betsy J. Martin's asbestos suit; and Augusta Roger's engine, that dumps its clinkers from the rear on to the track; Maggie Knight's device for making satchel bottom bags, and the Burden horseshoe machine shows a wide divergence in creative ideas. But they are all practicable.

Syllabic types, a slate and also a typewriter for the blind, a process for concentrating ores, a machine for producing ozone, a car coupler and a car wheel, contrivance for heating cars, a beehive, the self-fastening button, a collapsible collar button, a life raft, a machine for making folding bags, and underglaze painting on pottery, are a few of the inventions credited to women, each of which has contributed its mite to the progress of the race.

The honor of a few epoch-making inventions has been conferred wrongly on men, if certain historians be correct. Notably is this true of the cotton gin. These dissenters say that the honor of that great discovery really belongs to Mrs. Catherine Greene, widow of Gen. Nathaniel Greene of revolutionary fame. They say that dread of the world's adverse comment and consequent loss of social caste induced her to assume the name of Mrs. Miller, which was used in connection with the patent. These same historians say that in 1817 Mrs. Ann H. Manning perfected a mower and reaper, thus anticipating McCormick's and Hussey's inventions by 17 years.



Brutal Bull Fights in Old Mexico

By E. C. THOMPSON

The first bull fight I saw in Mexico was a disgusting sight. How any nation can sanction it is beyond me. The poor skinny horses forced into the one-sided battle constitute one argument against the sport, even if there were no other.

On a Sunday afternoon everyone goes to the fight, just as many in this country go to the ball game. But give me the ball game every time.

The native peon is at the fight, putting up possibly his last cent to see it and yell himself hoarse.

I have seen men throw their hats into the arena and go crazy as any baseball fan when the horses, men and bull go into a heap and there is a chance of blood's being spilled.

I went to a fight to satisfy myself as to actual conditions and to see if there was any chance for the dumb brutes, and was convinced that it is purely a one-sided affair.

The bull has no chance, and it seems to realize its predicament in a short time and tries to escape its tormentors.

I saw one in his agony jump clear over the inner wall of the arena, showing plainly that he did not want to fight.

The horse, old and worn out from work and abuse, blindfolded on one eye only, the one nearest the bull, is the worst sufferer of them all.

He is compelled to carry his rider as long as he can stand up, after being gored by the maddened bull, and if not injured mortally is reserved to be sent in again at some future date.

As to the men, they have shields to run behind when the bull gets too dangerous. When there they are just as safe as those in the bleachers. They stay there, too, until some other fellow attracts the bull to some other part of the ring, then bravely walk out again to help some one else out of the same predicament.

Great sport! And you see some of our women from the states attending regularly, enjoying it with as much zest and laughter as the native, making heroes of the performers!

Compel Removal of Woman's Hats in Church

By ROY DALEY

There ought to be a law passed compelling the women to remove their hats in churches and public meetings.

How would it look for men to wear their hats in church?

The hats not only obstruct the view of the preacher and good-looking singers, but prevent the sound of the voice from reaching the persons behind them.

Women should consider this and know that their ugly coal-scuttle and wide-brimmed hats are nuisances; they encourage selfishness and cause the men to lose respect for the hats and the women that wear them.

Advertising

Talks

ADVERTISING FOR DIRECT RETURNS.

Our neighbor killed his Thomas Cat. For reasons all his own. Then he was sorry for the deed. He felt so sad and lone.

Next week he advertised for one, And e'er he got replies, The old cat turned up home again. It pays to advertise.

T. E. M., in N. Y. Telegram.

MANY WAYS OF ADVERTISING

Art That Must Be Mastered to Achieve Success—Know Talking Points of Your Business.

There is no business that can be carried on successfully without advertising in some form. A lot of people have very peculiar ideas about advertising. It is an art in itself, and the man that has mastered it is on the highway to success, says the Merrill (Kan.) News. Some people imagine that all that is needed when they have anything to sell is just to simply insert an ad in the paper and that is all that is necessary. This is a very wrong impression. First the advertiser must be familiar with what he is advertising just as the book agent or insurance agent know all the talking points about their business. The advertiser must know what he has and advertise it so. No advertiser can afford to advertise that which he does not have or cannot do and expect to succeed. The man that reads the ad must be taught to expect the article to be just as he finds it described. Another thing that is very necessary in successful advertising is letting the public know what you have and the quality. People nowadays are looking for quality. No man with the quality of goods the people want need be afraid of advertising too much. A business that will not admit of advertising and make the investor money is not the right kind of an investment and should be disposed of at once. A good legitimate business will substantiate the man behind it carrying on any amount of advertising. By this is not meant that a man with a ten thousand dollar stock of goods is to spend that amount in advertising. That is not business. But he should be able to carry on at least from \$15 to \$30 per month in advertising and be always boosting his business. There are a number of ways to boost a business. A man that will allow a customer to come in and pull him off his chair before he will wait on him is not boosting his business. He is knocking. People like courteous treatment. The man that never uses his show windows and shelves to display his business has not the ability necessary to conduct any kind of business and make a success. A newspaper that uses old type faces and does not keep stocked with the newest designs to be had will not be liable to get any fine jobs of printing that might be had had he kept up with the demands. A man must try to please his customers and keep what they want. People are peculiar in that way. They want to be pleased, and nothing is more attractive than to ask people to do business with you. Somehow they enjoy being invited to trade at your store. Every shelf, clerk, show case and window in the store should be a constant advertisement. The local paper should also be used. Your ad in a foreign paper will not have near the influence it will in the home paper. The people like to patronize home as a rule if they are just asked in the right way and through the right channels. If you doubt these things, try a three months' campaign and do your best. Don't do it half, then expect results. Go at it like you meant to win.

JOHN WANAMAKER SAYS:

"I never in my life used such a thing as a poster, a dodger or a handbill."
"If I wanted to sell cheap jewelry or run a lottery scheme I might use posters, but I wouldn't insult a decent reading public with handbills."

"My plan for 25 years has been to buy so much space in a newspaper and fill it up with what I wanted. I would not give an advertisement in a newspaper of 400 circulation for 5,000 posters and dodgers."

Laundrymen to Advertise.

The Laundrymen's National association has concluded to enter upon a decidedly unique campaign of education. The executive committee, headed by L. H. Fisher of Kansas City, has been authorized to present to the women of America the claims of the modern steam laundry upon their greater patronage. For the purpose of securing the desired publicity the sum of \$75,000 will be expended. The association will tell its story to the people of the country through the leading newspapers.

Only Time to Stop.

Mr. Jeffries doesn't need to train any more. He is licked. The only policyholder who doesn't need to pay his premiums is dead. The only man who doesn't need to advertise is the man who has retired from business.—Mahin's Messenger.

Either Right or Wrong.

An advertisement is a good deal like a watch. If it isn't right, it's wrong. If your watch makes you miss a train by half a minute you are no better off than if you had missed it by an hour. Same way with the ad.

A Little Lesson in Selling.

The Difference Between Stopping and Starting—Avoiding the Negative Forces.

The other day I was talking with a sales manager about a line of business which he should have—his stuff would do the concern better service than any other—but somehow he could not get "next" to the right person.

As I happened to know something about this concern, I asked him whom he had seen.

"Why, Mr. W—, of course."
"Are you sure he is the right man?" I asked, and his reply was, "He is the man who keeps me from getting the business, any way." And I said to him:

"Mr. W— is like the brakes on an engine. They will stop the machine, but they will not move the load a single inch."

"Some concerns think it wise to surround themselves with their negative forces—sort of protections against the possibilities of advancement."

"As a matter of fact, I know that Mr. W— could not give you that business in a thousand years, but he can keep you out of it until you find a way to get around him."

"Get your proposition down pat and go right straight to Mr. C— with it. He is the force which moves the train and he uses W— to put on the brakes."

Said About Advertising.

Competition makes good advertising necessary.

Making an advertisement truthful is making an advertisement strong.

Put into the morgue every lost piece of stiff and formal and lack-luster piece of literature you have out. It's a ghastly economy to send out poor literature, just because it isn't all used up.—Judicious Advertising.

It is the last pound of steam used that puts in motion the train of cars. Likewise it is the piling up of arguments and information about your bank, through continuous advertising, that finally brings in the customer.—The Bank Advertiser.

The merchant who does not advertise virtually says that his judgment is better than that of the ninety-five per cent. of the strong and successful men in his field of activity. He attacks the common sense of the business world.—Advertising World.

It takes a rich man to draw a check, a pretty girl to draw attention, a horse to draw a cart, a porous plaster to draw the skin, a toper to draw a cork, a free lunch to draw a crowd and an advertisement in your home paper to draw trade. Send in your ad for the drawing.—"Some Pitfalls of Advertising," Missoula (Mont.) Herald.

Granted that the misrepresentations are slight and the article advertised one of merit, it must be remembered that the average man would sooner give away a dollar than think he has been gulled out of 25 cents. We want to talk advertising with firms who are manufacturing good articles that have the repeat quality in them.—George Batten company.

ADVERTISING BY THE BANKER

Local Newspapers Should Be Used First, Says Magazine Expert, in Address.

"When the Banker Advertises" was the subject of an address delivered before the Bankers' Ad association of Pittsburgh, Pa., by Charles E. Jones of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. Mr. Jones said in part:

"I believe that the greatest increase in advertising in newspapers and magazines in the United States in the next five years will be made by institutions of a financial nature. Just as automobile dealers suddenly awakened to the value of established publications, so financial men are even now beginning to understand what may be done in a dignified way."

"I have often been asked to advise financial men how to advertise, and I give you now my main ideas for what they may be worth. The banker goes to his trade paper for his publicity, he goes to the magazines for prestige, and he goes to the newspaper for money. No banker should attempt to advertise outside of his own city until he is conducting an intelligent and forceful campaign in the newspapers of his own town. Then, when he has laid a solid foundation, he can bring to his bank by means of national advertising a prestige which is of incalculable value."

A LITTLE LESSON IN SELLING

The Difference Between Stopping and Starting—Avoiding the Negative Forces.

The other day I was talking with a sales manager about a line of business which he should have—his stuff would do the concern better service than any other—but somehow he could not get "next" to the right person.

As I happened to know something about this concern, I asked him whom he had seen.

"Why, Mr. W—, of course."
"Are you sure he is the right man?" I asked, and his reply was, "He is the man who keeps me from getting the business, any way." And I said to him:

"Mr. W— is like the brakes on an engine. They will stop the machine, but they will not move the load a single inch."

"Some concerns think it wise to surround themselves with their negative forces—sort of protections against the possibilities of advancement."

"As a matter of fact, I know that Mr. W— could not give you that business in a thousand years, but he can keep you out of it until you find a way to get around him."

"Get your proposition down pat and go right straight to Mr. C— with it. He is the force which moves the train and he uses W— to put on the brakes."

Only Time to Stop.

Mr. Jeffries doesn't need to train any more. He is licked. The only policyholder who doesn't need to pay his premiums is dead. The only man who doesn't need to advertise is the man who has retired from business.—Mahin's Messenger.

Either Right or Wrong.

An advertisement is a good deal like a watch. If it isn't right, it's wrong. If your watch makes you miss a train by half a minute you are no better off than if you had missed it by an hour. Same way with the ad.

MANY DEFINED PRINCIPLES IN PRUNING FRUIT TREES

Should be Adapted to Different Varieties—In Forming Top of Tree Several Distinct Systems Are Practiced.

(By R. W. FISHER.)

It is known that heavy pruning of the tops of fruit trees in winter or during the dormant period has a tendency to produce wood growth, or cause the trees to grow larger. This is due to the fact that when pruning is done when the tree is dormant the plant food which is taken up by the roots early in the spring is concentrated into a smaller portion of the top and results in the very rapid growth of the parts left. Weak trees are often forced into vigorous growth by heavy top pruning which is done in the winter or early spring.

When vigorous plants are given a heavy winter pruning water sprouts are often produced, because there is more plant food sent up from the roots than the top area can use, resulting in the growth of dormant lateral buds.

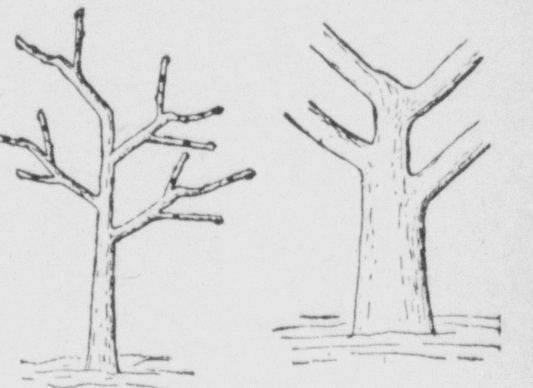
Heavy pruning of the top in the summer or when the tree is in an active state of growth has a tendency to check the wood growth, causes fruit buds to form and sometimes results in the growth of water sprouts. The wood growth is checked because when pruning is done when the leaves are performing their function of assimilating plant food a large portion of the area which is making plant food is removed and the supply of prepared plant food is checked, thus causing a decrease of growth over the whole tree.

Heavy root pruning checks the growth of wood by cutting off the supply of moisture and crude plant food. This results in an increasing number of fruit buds. In sections of

The shape, however, should be largely determined by the natural characteristics of the tree. Low-headed trees produce the best results in many localities. They are able to stand heavy winds without injury, the fruit is nearer the ground and makes harvesting a crop and all orchard work much easier, and the trunks are not so likely to be injured by sun-scald.

If one-year-old trees are set out, the pruning the first year will consist in cutting the top back to within eighteen or twenty-four inches of the ground. The cut should be made just above a strong bud. During the first season three or four branches should be permitted to grow; the others rubbed off soon after the buds expand.

In the spring of the second year, if more than three or four branches grew during the first summer, they

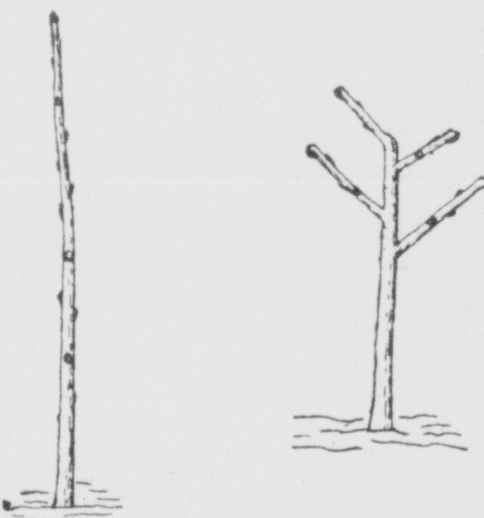


Pruning the Third Year. Old Tree Trunk Properly Branched.

should be cut out, making the cut near the main stem and parallel to it. The remaining branches should be cut back to within three or four buds of the main stem, making the cut just above a strong bud.

In the spring of the third year all but three or four branches are cut out, including the terminal branch, and the others are cut back to within three or four buds of the stem from which they grow, the idea being to produce three or four well developed and well situated twigs on each branch each year, and having the branches so placed that the tree will grow into a symmetrical form and be open enough so that the sunlight can get into the center of the tree, thus adding much to the color of the fruit. By cutting each season's growth back to within a few buds of the last season's growth the tree is made to grow much stockier than it otherwise would.

The pruning after the third year is very similar to that given in the third year. Three or four twigs are selected on each growth, the others cut back. All cross limbs or limbs that are too close together, or that rub together should be cut out.



Pruning First Year at Planting. Second Year Growth.

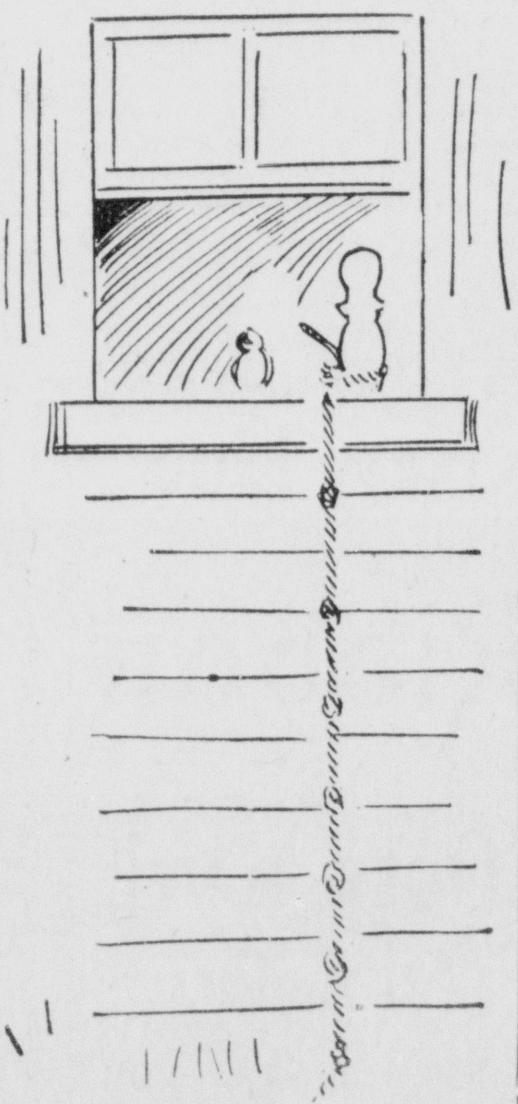
the country where fruit trees have a tendency to start bearing very young and to produce large crops of fruit, it is often necessary to do such pruning that will cause wood growth rather than the production of fruit buds.

In forming the top of the tree several distinct systems are practiced.

MAKES HANDY FIRE ESCAPE

Stout Knotted Rope Makes Excellent Substitute for Ladder—Any Cool-Headed Person Can Use It.

It is not feasible to have a ladder at every window, and in case of fire people in the second story are often in danger of their lives. For safety, tie large knots in a strong rope, coil it neatly on the floor or some place where it can be found immediately in the dark. Make a loop at one end so it may be looped around a bed post or a stout hook placed in the window frame. In case of fire throw out the



A Handy Fire Escape.

loose end of the rope and scramble out. Any cool-headed person can wriggle down a rope of this kind, although they may blister their hands or get a slight fall in doing so, but even so, it is better than being roasted.

GROWING HERBS IS ESSENTIAL

Nothing Can Quite Take Their Place in Household—Seeds of Annual Sort Should be Sown Early.

(By R. G. WEATHERSTONE.)

No garden can be considered complete that does not include a goodly variety of herbs, for nothing can quite fill their place in the household.

The seeds of annual sorts should be sown early, but of the perennial varieties (and many of the best are that) the seeds sown in mid-summer will produce strong plants that may be freely cut from the following year.

Make the soil rich, mellow and fine before sowing the seed. When the seedling plants are large enough they may be transplanted to the borders, beds, or the fence-row where they can grow undisturbed year after year.

When the roots become large they may be divided and new plants started if more are wanted, though two or three plants of one variety will furnish all a good-sized family will need, as the leaves should be cut several times during the season.

The leaves should be cut when fully grown and before the plant blooms, choosing a clear, dry day for the work. Spread in a cool, shady room to dry, as drying in the sun or by the fire spoils both color and flavor.

When thoroughly dry powder the leaves by rubbing between the hands and store away in tight cans or boxes.

Corn Producer Wins \$500.

Percy G. Davis of Granby, Mass., sets a new world's record for corn this year's production, and was given a \$500 award by the New England Corn exposition judges. The record was made on one acre of land, from which Mr. Davis harvested 103 1/2 bushels of crib dry yellow flint corn. His yield at harvest time was 127 bushels of shelled corn.

Australian Wool Industry.

It has been calculated that the industry of wool production brings Australia an annual return of from \$150,000,000 to \$175,000,000. But this does not include the returns from the sale of sheep, stud and flock, and the large quantity disposed of at the yards for local consumption. Possibly all these bring the total up to \$250,000,000 a year.

Money Maze

By O. HENRY

(Copyright by Ainslee Magazine Co.)



HEY will tell you, in Anchuria, that President Miraflores of that volatile republic died by his own hand in the coast town of Cibolo. That he had reached thus far in flight from the inconveniences of an imminent revolution, and that a quarter of a million pesos, government funds, which he carried with him in an American leather valise as a souvenir of his tempestuous administration, were never afterward found.

For a real, a muchacho will show you his grave. It is back of the town, near a little bridge that spans a mango swamp. A plain slab of undressed pine stands at its head.

Some one has burned upon the headpiece, with a hot iron, this inscription: RAMON ANGEL DE LAS CRUZES Y MIRAFLORES, PRESIDENTE DE LA REPUBLICA DE ANCHURIA.

QUE SEA SU JUEZ, DIOS.

An old half-breed Indian tends this grave with fidelity, and the dawdling minuteness of inherited sloth.

To the guests, the people of Cibolo will relate the story of the tragic death of their old president; how he strove to fly with the public funds and Dona Julia Gordon, the young American opera singer, and how, before apprehended by members of the revolutionary party in this coast town, he shot himself through the head rather than give up the funds, and, as follows, the Senorita Gordon. They will relate, further, that Dona Julia, her adventurous bark of fortune shoaled by the simultaneous loss of her distinguished admirer and the souvenir quarter million, dropped anchor on the stagnant coast, awaiting a rising tide. The tide was ready, in the form of a wealthy American resident—a banana king, a rubber prince, a sarsaparilla, indigo and mahogany baron. The senorita married this American one month after the ill-fated President was buried with military dishonors, and while the "Vivas" of the new administration were saluting Liberty and prospective spoils.

It would seem that the story is ended; but to the more curious reader it shall be some slight instruction to learn why the old Indian, Balvez, is secretly paid to keep green the grave of President Miraflores. Also, why Don Emilio Villanueva, minister of finance during the Miraflores administration, should, after dining at Mackenzie's house during a short visit to the coast, make the following remark to a friend: "Fif-fif! I say it to you. Twenty times, in the capital, I have taken wine in the company of Dona Julia Gordon. As many times I have heard her sing like the ruisenor that she was. Por el cuerpo de Cristo this Mme. Mackenzie—au-que una Senora may agrandable—is no more Dona Julia Gordon than I, myself, am. Figuraselo!"

The threads of the events reach far, stretching across the sea. Following them out, it will also be made clear why Shorty Flynn of the Columbia detective bureau, New York, lost his job. Also why Dr. Angel, a middle-aged, dark-featured poseur of the boulevards of Paris, smokes two-franc cigars.

Cibolo lay in its usual stupor. The Caribbean swished upon the sand beach, the parrots screamed in the range and celba trees, the palms were waving their limber fronds foolishly, like an awkward chorus at the prima donna's cue to enter.

Suddenly the town was full of excitement. A boy dashed down the grass-grown street, shrieking: "Busca el Senora Mackenzie. Un telegrama por el!" The words spread swiftly. The commandante, who was loyal to the ins, and suspected Mackenzie's devotion to the outs, hissed: "Aha!" and wrote in his secret memorandum book: "Junio el 10—Vino un telegrama por Senor M."

The dispatch was from Bob Engelhardt, a "Gringo" in the capital city, an ice manufacturer, a sworn revolutionist, and "good people." The wily Bob seemed to have circumvented successfully the impossibility of sending a confidential message in either Spanish or English. The result was the following literary gem:

"His nibs skeedaddled yesterday per Jack rabbit line with all the spondulicks in the pot, and the bunch of calico he's spoons on. She's a peach, easy. Our crowd in good shape, but the boodle is six figures short. We must have the swag the main guy scooped. You collar it. He's headed for the briny. You know what to do."

This remarkable screed conveyed the information to Mackenzie that the president had decamped for the coast with the public money, accompanied by the opera singer, Julia Gordon, his mistress for whom was the gossip of the republic.

Mackenzie pocketed his message and went to talk it over with his friend and co-conspirator, Dr. Zavalla, a native politician of much ingenuity. Mackenzie had taken up political intrigue as a matter of business. His support was considered so far useful to the revolutionary party that, if the wheel revolved, he stood to win a 20-year concession of 30,000 manzanas of the finest timber land along the coast.

no other route was there. A week's trip it was—over fearful mountains and streams; a jiggety-joggety journey; hot and ice-cold, and wet and dry.

At Corallo was a harbor, and strict quarantine and clearing regulations. The fugitives would never attempt to escape there. At Cibolo or Alanzan they might hope to board a tramp freighter or a fruit steamer by the aid of a rowboat or sloop, as the vessels anchored half a mile from shore.

But Mackenzie and Zavalla sent horseback messengers up and down the coast with warning to the local leaders of the liberal movement—to Benavides at Corallo, and to Varras at Alanzan—instructing them to patrol the water line; and to arrest the flying president at all hazards if he should show himself in their territory. After these precautions there was nothing to do but cover the Cibolo district with lookouts and await results. The fugitives would, beyond doubt, move as secretly as possible, and endeavor to board a vessel by stealth and from some hiding place on shore.

On the eighth day after the receipt of Englehardt's message, the Karlsefin, Norwegian steamer, chartered by the New Orleans fruit trade, anchored off Cibolo, with three hoarse toots of her siren. Mackenzie stood on the beach with the crowd of idlers, watching everything without ostentation. He and Zavalla had stationed men faithful to the cause at intervals along the shore for a mile each way from the town, on the lookout for President Miraflores, of whom nothing had been seen or heard. The customs officers, in their red trousers and Panama hats, rowed out to the vessel and returned. The ship's gig landed her purser with his papers, and then took out the quarantine doctor with his umbrella and clinical thermometer. Next, a swarm of half-naked Caribs began to load the piles of bananas upon lighters, and row them out to the steamer.

About four o'clock in the afternoon a marine monster, unfamiliar in those waters, hove in sight—a graceful steam yacht, painted white, clean-cut as a steel engraving, see-sawing the waves like a duck in a rain barrel. A white boat, manned by a white-uniformed crew, came ashore, and a stocky-built man leaped upon the sands. He made his way toward Mackenzie, who was obviously the most conspicuously Anglo-Saxon figure present, and seemed to turn a disapproving eye on the rather motley congregation of native Anchurians. Mackenzie greeted him as men sprung from the island greet one another in alien lands.

Conversation developed that the newly-landed one was named Smith, and that he had come in a yacht. A meager biography, truly, for the yacht was most apparent, and the Smith not beyond a reasonable guess before the revelation. Yet, to the eye of Mackenzie, who had seen several things, there was a discrepancy between Smith and his yacht. A bullet-headed man Smith was, with an oblique, dead eye, and the mustache of a cocktail mixer. Unless he had shifted costumes before leaving for shore, he had affronted the deck of his correct vessel in a pearl-gray derby, a checked suit, fancy vest and vaudeville neckwear. Men owning pleasure yachts generally harmonize with them better.

Smith looked business, but he was no advertiser. He commented upon the scenery, remarking upon its fidelity to the pictures in the geography, and then inquired for the United States consul. They pointed out to him the starred and striped bunting hanging on a pole above the door of a squat adobe house, and Smith plowed his way through the sand thither, his haberdashery creating a discord against a background of tropical blues and greens.

Mackenzie smoked cigars and walked the shingle under the cocoanut palms. His nets were well spread. The roads were so few, the opportunities for embarkation so limited, the two or three probable points of exit so well guarded that it would be strange indeed if there should slip through the meshes so much of the country's dignity, romance and collateral.

Night came, and satisfied with the precautions taken, the American strolled back through the town. Oil lamps burned, a sickly yellow, at random corners. All the streets were by-estreets; there were no thoroughfares. Mackenzie turned along one of them, and crouched swiftly in the shadow, for a tall, muffled man passed, carrying a heavy valise. A woman at his elbow seemed to hurry him on. They went rapidly, Mackenzie following, until they reached and entered a posada known as the "Hotel de los Estranjeros," a dreary hostelry greatly in disuse by both strangers and friends.

At that moment there came along one Esteban, a barber, an enemy to existing government, a jovial plotter against stagnation in any form. He greeted Mackenzie with flutulent importance.

"What 'ou think, Don Frank! I have tonight shaved la barba—that you call the 'weekers' of El Senor Presidente himself! Consider! He sent for me to come. In a pobre casa he awaited—a verree leetle house. I think he desire not to be known, but—carajo!—an you shave a man and not see his face? This gold piece he gave me,

and said it was to be all quite still. I think, Don Frank, there is what you call one chip over the bug."

In a few words Mackenzie explained the state of affairs to Esteban. Knowing the man to be a partisan liberal, he made him watch the house to see that no one left it, while he himself entered it at once.

Mackenzie saw that the trigger of his American .338 was free from pocket lining, and ascended the dark stairway. A saffron light from a hanging lamp in the hallway above allowed him to select the gaudy numbers on the doors. He turned the knob of No. 9, and entered and closed the door behind him.

If that was Julia Gordon seated by the table in the poorly furnished room, report had done her charms no injustice. She rested her head upon one hand. Extreme fatigue was signified in every line of her figure, and upon her countenance a deep perplexity was written. She looked up, when the American entered, in surprised inquiry, but without fear.

Mackenzie took off his hat and seated himself coolly on the edge of the table by which she sat. He held a lighted cigar between his fingers. He took this course upon the theory that preliminaries would be squandered upon the Senorita Gordon.

"Good evening," he said. "Now, madam, let us come to business at once. I know who is in the next room, and what he carries in that valise. I am here to dictate terms of surrender."

The lady neither replied nor moved, but steadily regarded the cigar in Mackenzie's hand.

"We," continued the dictator—"I speak for a considerable mass of the people—demand the return of stolen funds belonging to them. Our terms go very little farther than that. They are very simple. As an accredited spokesman, I promise that our interference will cease with their acceptance. It is on my personal responsibility that I add congratulations to the gentleman in No. 10 upon his taste in feminine charms."

Returning his cigar to his mouth, Mackenzie observed her, and saw that her eyes followed and rested upon it with icy and significant concentration. Apparently, she had not heard a word he had said. He understood, tossed the cigar out of the window, and, with an amused laugh, slid from the table to his feet. The lady smiled.

"That is better," she said, clipping

is a puzzling thing," she continued; "you force my door, and you follow your ruffianly behavior with the basest accusations, and yet"—she paused a moment, as if to reconsider what she was about to say—"and yet—I am sure there has been some mistake."

She took a step toward the door that connected the two rooms, but Mackenzie stopped her by a light touch upon her arm. He was a kind the women seem to admire, big, good-looking, and with an air of kindly truculence. This woman was to be his fate, and he did not know it; but he must have felt the first throes of destiny, for, of a sudden, the knowledge of what report named her turned bitter in his throat.

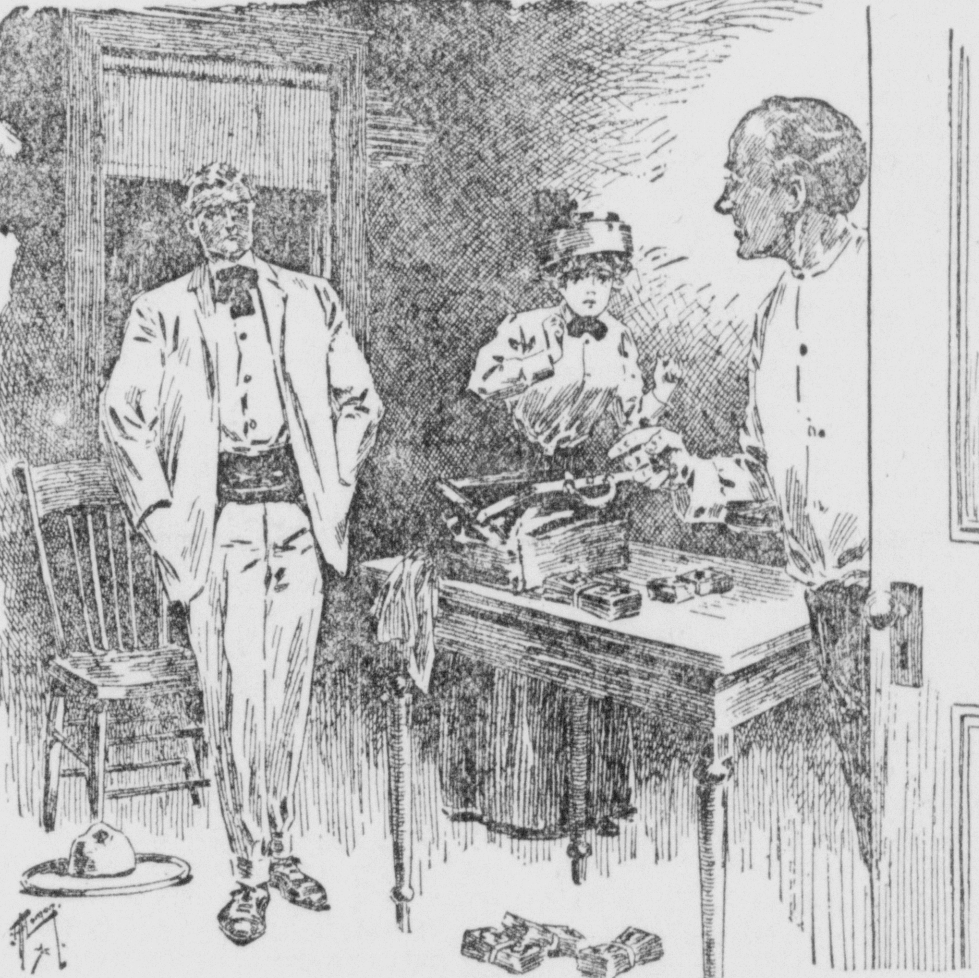
"If there has been any mistake," he said, hotly, "it has been yours. I do not blame that man who has lost his honor, his country, and is about to lose the poor consolation of his stolen riches, as much as I do you, for I can very well see how he was brought to it by heavens, I can understand and pity him. It is such women as you that strew this degraded coast with wretched exiles, that drag—"

The lady interrupted him by a gesture.

"There is no need," she said, coldly, "to continue your insults. I do not understand you, nor do I know what mad blunder you are making, but if the inspection of the contents of a gentleman's portmanteau will rid me of you, let us delay no longer."

She passed quickly and noiselessly into the other room, and returned with the heavy leather valise. Mackenzie set it upon the table, and began to unfasten the straps. She stood by with an expression of infinite scorn and weariness.

The valise opened wide, and Mackenzie dragged out one or two articles of closely folded clothing, exposing the bulk of the contents—package after package of tightly packed American banknotes of large denomination. Judging from the high figures written upon the bands that bound them, the total must have reached into the hundreds of thousands. Mackenzie saw, with surprise, and a thrill of pleasure that he wondered at, that the woman experienced an unmistakable shock. She gasped, and leaned heavily against the table. She had been ignorant, then, that her companion had looted the government treasury. But why, he angrily asked himself, should he be so well pleased to find this wandering singer not so black as report painted her?



"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?" HE DEMANDED IN EXCELLENT ENGLISH—"ROBBERY?"

her words neatly. "For a second lesson in good manners, you may now tell me by whom I am being insulted."

"I am an instrument of the republic. I was advised by wire concerning the movements of the—gentleman in No. 10."

"I have a question or two to ask you. I think you are a man more apt to be truthful than—timid. What sort of place is this town?"

"This town? Oh, a banana town, as they run. Grass huts, 'dobes, five or six two-story houses—population half-breeds, Caribs and blackamoors. No sidewalks; no amusements. Rather unmoral. That's an off-hand sketch, of course."

"Are there any inducements, say in a business or social way, for one to reside here?"

"One," said Mackenzie, smiling. "There are no afternoon teas—and another—there's no extradition treaty."

"He told me," went on the lady, speaking as if to herself, and with a slight frown, "that there were towns on this coast of importance; that there was a pleasing social order—especially an American colony of cultured residents."

"There is an American colony," he continued, gazing at her in some wonder. "Two defaulting bank presidents, one short county treasurer, four man-slayers, and a widow—arsenic, I believe, was the suspicion. I, myself, complete the colony, but, as yet, have not distinguished myself by any felony."

"Do not lose hope," returned the lady, dryly, "I see nothing in your actions tonight to guarantee your future obscurity. Some mistake has been made; I do not know just where. But him you shall not disturb. The journey has fatigued him so that he is fallen asleep, I think, in his clothes. You talk of stolen money! Remain where you are, and I will bring you that valise you covet so." She turned upon him a peculiar searching look that ended in a quizzical smile. "It

ed and bloody room: 'Oh, mother, mother!'

But there were shouts of alarm, and hurrying feet were coming up the stairs. Mackenzie had his duty to perform. Circumstances had made him custodian of the country's treasure. They who were coming might not possess his scruples. Swiftly closing the valise, he leaped far out the window and softly dropped it into a thick orange tree below.

They will tell you in Cibolo, as they told me, how the shot alarmed the town; how the upholders of the law came apace—the commandante in a head-waiter's jacket and red slippers, with girded sword, the barefooted policemen with clanking bayonets and indifferent mien.

They saw that the countenance of the dead man was marred by the effects of the shot, but he was identified as the down-fallen president by both Mackenzie and the barber Esteban. The story of his flight from the capital being made public just then, no further confirmation was deemed necessary. So they buried him on the following day, and his grave is there.

They will relate to you how the revolutionary party (now come, without opposition, to be in power) sifted the town and raked the country to find the dead president's valise containing Anchuria's surplus capital, but without success, though aided by Senor Mackenzie himself.

You will hear how Mackenzie, like a tower of strength, shielded Senorita Julia through those subsequent distressful days. And how his scruples as to her past career (if he had any) vanished, as her adventuresome waywardness (if she had any) disappeared, and they were wedded and were happy.

But they cannot tell you (as I shall) what became of the money that Mackenzie dropped into the orange tree. But that comes later; for it is now time to consider the wishes of those who desire to learn why Shorty Flynn lost his situation. It is deemed fit that Mr. Flynn tell his own story.

MR. FLYNN'S STORY.

The chief rang up headquarters and told me to come up-town quick to an address he gave. I went there, and found him in a private office with a lot of directors who were looking pretty fuzzy. They stated the case: The president of the Republic had been "killed" and "robbed." I was to go to the coast and find the money. I was to go to the coast and find the money. I was to go to the coast and find the money.

In six hours I was on board a steam yacht belonging to one of the directors, and hot on the trail of the fruit tub. I had a pretty good idea where the old boy would strike for. At that time we had a treaty with about every foreign country except Belgium, and that banana republic, Anchuria. There wasn't a photo of old Wahfield to be had in New York—he had been fony there, but I had his description, and, besides, the lady with him would be almost a dead give-away.

We struck the money coast one afternoon about four. There was a ratty-looking steamer off shore taking on bananas. It might be the one the old man had taken, and it might not. I went ashore to look around. I struck an American on shore, a big, cool chap standing around with the monkeys. He showed me the consul's office. The consul was a Dutchman named Bruck, and he had his mitt out for further orders. I got what I wanted to know out of him. He said the fruiter loading was the Karlsefin, running to New Orleans, but took her last cargo to New York on account of an overstocked home market. Then I was sure my people were on board, as the consul said no passengers had landed. Just then the quarantine doctor dropped in for a chat, and he said there was a gentleman and lady on the fruiter, and they would come ashore in a few hours, as soon as the gent recovered a little from a sea-sick spell. So, all that I had to do, then, was to wait.

After dark I walked around and investigated that town some, and it was enough to give you the lions. The main street ran along the beach, and I walked down it, and then turned up a kind of lane where the houses were made of poles and straw. I wanted to see what the monkeys did when they weren't climbing cocoanut trees. The very first shack I looked in, I saw my people. They must have come ashore while I was prom-nading. A man about fifty, smooth face, heavy eyebrows, dressed in black broadcloth, looking like he was just about to say: "Can any little boy in the Sunday school answer that? He was freezing on a grip that weighed like a dozen gold bricks; and a swell girl—a regular peach, with a fifty-avue cut, was sitting on a wooden chair. An old black woman was fixing some coffee and beans on a table. The light they had came from a lantern hung on a nail. I went and stood in the door, and they looked at me, and I said: "Mr. Wahfield, you are my prisoner. I hope, for the lady's sake, you will take the matter sensibly. You know why I want you?"

"Who are you?" says the old gent. "Flynn," says I. "Of the Columbia Detective Bureau. Now, sir, let me give you some good advice. You go back and take your medicine like a man. They'll only give you a five, or maybe, a seven spot, and they'll send you to one of the reform pens where you will only have to keep books, or feed the warden's chickens. Is this a country for a young lady like Miss Wahfield to live in? You'll give up the cash and go back and I'll put a good word for you. I'll give you five minutes to decide." I pulled out my watch and waited.

Of a sudden the girl gave a tiny scream and grabbed the old boy around the neck. "Oh, father, father!" she says, kind of frantic; "can this be true. Have you taken money that is not ours? Speak, father!" It made me shiver to hear the trempe stop she put on her voice.

She got him to one side and they talked together a minute, and then he put on some gold eyeglasses and walked up and handed me the grip.

"Mr. Detective," he says, talking a little broken, "I conclude to return with you. I have finished to discover that life on this shore and this displaced coast would be worse than to die. I will go back and hurl myself upon the mercy of the Loan-Trust Company. Have you brought a sheep?"

"Sheep" says I. "I haven't a shee—" "Ship," cut in the young lady. "Don't get funny. Father is of German birth, and doesn't speak perfect English. How did you come?"

The girl was all broke up. She had a handkerchief to her face, and kept saying every little bit: "Oh, father, father!" She walked up to me and laid her lily-white hand on the clothes that had pained her at first. I smelt a million violets. She was a lulu. I told her I came in a private yacht.

"Mr. Flynn," she says. "Oh, take us away from this horrid country at once. Can you? Will you? Say you will."

"I'll try," I said, concealing the fact that

I was dying to get them on salt water before they could change their mind.

Well, we three made a sneak around the edge of town in the dark, and ferns and the banana bushes and tropical scenery—a good deal. The monkey suburbs was as wild as places in Central Park. We came out on the beach a good half mile below. A brown chap was lying asleep under a cocoanut tree, with a ten-foot musket beside him. Mr. Wahfield takes up the side line in the sea. "The coast is guarded," he says. "Rebellion and plots ripen like fruit." He pointed to the sleeping man, who never stirred. "Thus," he says, "they perform trusts. Children!"

I saw our boat coming, and I struck a match and lit a piece of newspaper to show them where we were. In thirty minutes we were on board the yacht.

The first thing Mr. Wahfield and his daughter and I took the grip into the owner's cabin, opened it up, and took an inventory. There was two hundred and sixty thousand dollars in U. S. treasury certificates and bonds, besides a lot of Havana cigars, and a couple of hundred dollars in cash. I gave the old man the lot, as agent for the company, and locked the stuff up in my private quarters.

I never had a pleasanter trip than that one. After we got to sea, the young lady turned out to be the jolliest ever. The very first time we sat down to dinner, the steward filled her glass with champagne, floating in it a Astoria—she winks at me and says: "What's the use to borrow trouble, Mr. Flynn? Here's hoping you may live to eat the hen that scratches on your grave." There was a piano on board, and she sat down to it and sung better than you give up two about nine or ten times. She knew about nice enough hon ton and swany. She wasn't one of the "among others present" kind; she belonged on the special mention list!

The old man, too, perked up amazingly on the way. He passed the cigars, and says to me once, quite chipper, out of a cloud of smoke: "Mr. Flynn, somehow I think the Loan-Trust Company will not give me the much trouble. Guard well the grip—valise of the money, Mr. Flynn, for that it must be returned to them that it belongs when we finish to arrive."

When we landed in New York I phoned to the chief to meet us in that directors' office. We got in a cab and went there. I carried the grip, and we walked in, and I was pleased to see that the chief had got together that same old crowd of moneybags with pink faces and white vests to see us march in. I set the grip on the table. "There's the money," I said. "And your prisoner?" said the chief. I pointed to Mr. Wahfield, and he stepped forward and says: "The honor of a walk with you, sir, to explain."

He and the chief went into another room and stayed ten minutes. When they came back the chief looked as black as a ton of coal.

"Did this gentleman," he says to me, "have this valise in his possession when you first saw him?"

"He did," said I.

The chief took up the grip and handed it to the prisoner with a bow, and says to the director crowd: "Do any of you recognize this gentleman?"

They all shook their pink faces. "Allow me to present," he goes on, "Senor Miraflores, president of the Republic of Anchuria. The senor has generously consented to overlook this outrageous blunder, on condition that we undertake to secure him against the annoyance of public comment. It is a concession on his part to overlook an insult for which he might claim international redress. I think we can gratefully promise him secrecy in the matter."

They gave him a pink nod. "Flynn," he says to me, "As a private detective you're wasted. In a war, where kidnapping governments is in the rules, you'd be invaluable. Come down to the office at eleven."

I knew what that meant. "So that's the president of the monkeys," says I. "Well, why couldn't he have said so?"

Wouldn't it jar you?

We are brought, at length, to the contemplation of one known as Dr. Angel, a familiar figure among the foreign residents of the French capital. A brilliant blonde, addressed as Mlle. Gordon, often accompanies him in public. In cigars Dr. Angel is a connoisseur. The brand he smokes costs two francs each. He smokes them because he can afford to do so.

It only remains to designate the ultimate fate of the respectable sum of money in the valise which Frank Mackenzie dropped into the orange tree. To that end, and to do justice to Mr. Mackenzie's taste and honesty, the following extract from an article in a New York newspaper may opportunely be appended:

"It will be remembered that some months ago, J. Churchill Wahfield, president of the Republic Land and Trust Company of this city, absconded with nearly a quarter of a million dollars of the company's funds. Also, the sensational second act of this unusual financial drama, in which the entire missing sum was returned to the company, two weeks after Wahfield's disappearance, through the medium of New Orleans bankers."

"Yesterday the denouement occurred in the shape of a draft for \$17,839.24, which was received by the treasurer of the company; the amount being exactly identical with the published figures of the remainder of Wahfield's shortage, as was determined by the expert accountant who examined the books."

"Of ex-President Wahfield and his daughter, who left with him, and who was a society belle, nothing has since been heard. Chief Bayley of the Columbia Detective Bureau stated today, in an interview, that he saw at the time of the flight, an experienced detective on a promising clue to the Central American coast, but that he returned without a trace of the fugitives."

"Of course, the only tenable theory is that Wahfield repented of his deed soon after his departure, and returned the stolen funds. His shrewdness and financial ability must have caused Fortune to knock a second time at his door, to have enabled him to so promptly liquidate the remainder of the deficit."

"Thus closes a most unique incident in the business world, and, as Wahfield hardly made himself and his whereabouts known to the public again, the mystery of the restitution will, doubtless, never be explained."

He Had Timed It.

Hank Johnson (from Kansas)—Yes, sir; that cyclone was blowin' at the rate of four miles an hour; I know, because I timed it with my watch.

Jake Bilkins (from Connecticut)—Timed it with your watch? How could you do that?

Hank Johnson—By lookin' at my watch an' at passin' objects, of course; at one o'clock I seen Jim Duncan's chicken house shoot past the rock, where I was lyin' behind, an' one minute after one of Bill Hadler's cow sheds passed the same spot; an' any one in my county will tell you that them buildin's, when standin', was just four miles apart.

S.S.S. CURES OLD SORES

Every person afflicted with an old sore realizes, sooner or later, that the ulcer exists because of bad blood; the character and condition of the place depending on the nature of the blood infection. Virulent impurities in the circulation produce angry, discharging ulcers, while milder, inert germs are usually manifested in the form of indolent sores or dry, scabby places. External treatment can never cure an internal trouble, therefore no one should depend upon salves, washes, lotions, etc., alone to cure a chronic sore. It is necessary to remove the cause before the place can heal. S.S.S. heals Old Sores by going down into the circulation and removing the impurities and germs which are responsible for the place. In addition to purifying the blood S.S.S. enriches this vital fluid so that the irritated flesh around an old sore is naturally and thoroughly stimulated, and a permanent cure results, because every morbid influence has been removed. S.S.S. is the best of all blood purifiers and therefore a natural remedy for old sores. Book on Sores and Ulcers and medical advice free. S.S.S. is sold at drug stores. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

A Young Lady Will Call

at your home some time during the next three days. She is

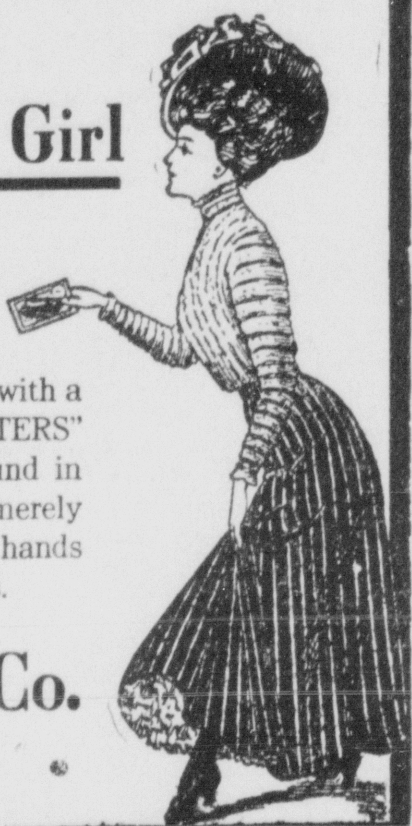
The Fawn Butter Girl

She will have absolutely nothing to sell. You will be presented with a card and a free sample of "FAWN BUTTERS"—that's all.

Just open the door wide and greet her with a smile. If you like the "FAWN BUTTERS" you can buy a ten cent package or a pound in bulk from your grocer for 5 cents by merely presenting the card which the young lady hands you. She is not permitted to take orders.

Century Biscuit Co.

Indianapolis



THE REPUBLICAN

BY C. SMITH HARRY J. MARTIN
Editors and Publishers.

Entered at the Seymour, Indiana, Post-office as Second-class Matter.

DAILY	
One Year	\$5.00
Six Months	2.50
Three Months	1.25
One Month	.45
One Week	.10
WEEKLY	
One Year in Advance	\$1.00

WEDNESDAY JUNE 7, 1911.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Prevailing Current Prices For Grain and Livestock.

Indianapolis Grain and Livestock.
Wheat—Wagon, 87c; No. 2 red, 88c. Corn—No. 2, 54c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 35½c. Hay—Baled, \$19.00 @ 21.00; timothy, \$18.00 @ 20.00; mixed, \$16.00 @ 18.00. Cattle—\$4.00 @ 6.15. Hogs—\$5.25 @ 6.15. Sheep—\$3.00 @ 4.50. Lambs—\$4.00 @ 7.00. Receipts—7,500 hogs; 1,200 cattle; 500 sheep.

At Cincinnati.
Wheat—No. 2 red, 94c. Corn—No. 2, 56½c. Oats—No. 2, 38c. Cattle—\$3.50 @ 6.00. Hogs—\$4.50 @ 6.15. Sheep—\$2.50 @ 3.60. Lambs—\$5.50 @ 7.65.

At Chicago.
Wheat—No. 2 red, 93½c. Corn—No. 2, 54½c. Oats—No. 2, 33½c. Cattle—Steers, \$5.00 @ 6.50; stockers and feeders, \$4.00 @ 5.60. Hogs—\$5.50 @ 6.10. Sheep—\$3.00 @ 4.50. Lambs—\$4.25 @ 7.25.

At St. Louis.
Wheat—No. 2 red, 91c. Corn—No. 2, 54½c. Oats—No. 2, 36½c. Cattle—Steers, \$5.00 @ 6.25. Hogs—\$5.50 @ 6.15. Sheep—\$2.75 @ 4.80. Lambs—\$5.00 @ 7.10.

At East Buffalo.
Cattle—\$4.25 @ 6.50. Hogs—\$5.00 @ 6.40. Sheep—\$2.75 @ 4.75. Lambs—\$5.00 @ 7.00.

Wheat at Toledo.
Sept., 90½c; July, 92c; cash, 91½c.

EDITOR CONVICTED

City Marshal Had Sued on Charge of Criminal Libel.

Hartford City, Ind., June 7.—C. A. Reeves, editor of the Hartford City Daily Journal, was found guilty by a jury in the Blackford circuit court of criminally libeling City Marshal Michael Sauers and a fine of \$500 was assessed. Three more cases are pending in the circuit court against him. The case grew out of a charge in Reeves's newspaper that Sauers gave perjured testimony in a justice court and was the first of its kind ever tried in Blackford county.

Automobile Was Wrecked.
Laporte, Ind., June 7.—Dr. Wilbur W. Ross, formerly of Chicago, and Miss Katherine Brill of Evanston, Ill., were thrown twenty feet from an automobile when the machine, driven by Dr. Ross, crashed into a traction car at Pine Lake crossing. Both were seriously injured, but will recover. The automobile was wrecked.

Lightning Kills Few.
In 1906 lightning killed only 169 people in this whole country. One's chances of death by lightning are less than two in a million. The chance of death from liver, kidney or stomach trouble is vastly greater, but not if Electric Bitters be used, as Robert Madsen, of West Burlington, Ia., proved. Four doctors gave him up after eight months of suffering from virulent liver trouble and yellow jaundice. He was then completely cured by Electric Bitters. They're the best stomach, liver, nerve and kidney remedy and blood purifier on earth. Only 50c at The Andrews Drug Co.

Binder Twine and Fertilizer.
Michigan Standard binder twine, as good twine as is sold in the state, gives perfect satisfaction; 7c per pound. Would like to have your orders soon. As this twine is made by the state of Indiana, it is to the interest of every farmer to use it in his harvest.

E. Rauh & Son's pure bone fertilizer, best on the market, at a very low price. Also feed of all kinds at wholesale or retail. Will pay the market price for grain especially for yellow corn for feed mill.
W&Wkly-tf G. H. ANDERSON.

A Terrible Blunder.
to neglect liver trouble. Never do it. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills on the first sign of constipation, biliousness or inactive bowels and prevent virulent indigestion, jaundice or gall stones. They regulate liver, stomach and bowels and build up your health. Only 25c at The Andrews Drug Co.

Fifty Years Ago Today.

June 7.

Attack by Confederates expected by Cairo, Ill.
"Richmond and Memphis will be in possession of the government in a few weeks," was the report in Washington.

Twenty-five Years Ago Today.

The Gladstone government was defeated on the home rule question. The vote on the bill stood: for, 313; against, 343.

The House of the Whispering Pines

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

Copyright, 1910, by Anna Katharine Rohlf.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"STEADY!"

WHY linger over the result? Arthur Cumberland's case was won before Mr. Fox arose to his feet. The usual routine was gone through.

The judge's charge was short, but studiously impartial. When the jury filed out I said to myself, "They will return in fifteen minutes." They returned in ten with a verdict of acquittal.

The demonstrations of joy which followed filled my ears and doubtless left their impression upon my other senses, but my mind took in nothing but the apparition of my own form taking his place at the bar under circumstances less favorable to acquittal than those which had exonerated him.

I saw as never before how the testimony which had reinstated Carmel in my heart and won for her, and through her the sympathies of the whole people, had overthrown every specious reason which I and those interested in me had been able to advance in contradiction of the natural conclusion to be drawn from the damning fact of my having been seen with my fingers on Adelaide's throat.

The horror stifled me. I was reeling in my place on the edge of the crowd when I heard a quiet voice in my ear: "Steady! Their eyes will soon be off Arthur, and then they will look at you."

It was Clifton, and his word came none too soon. I stiffened under its quiet force and, taking his arm, let him lead me out of a side door, where the crowd was smaller and its attention even more absorbed.

I soon saw its cause—Carmel was entering the doorway from the street. She had come to greet her brother, and her face, quite unveiled, was beaming with beauty and joy. In an instant I forgot myself, forgot everything but her and the effect she produced upon those about her. No noisy demonstration here. Admiration and love were shown in looks and the low breathed prayer for her welfare which escaped from more than one pair of lips. She smiled and their hearts were hers; she essayed to move forward and the people crowded back as if at a queen's message, but there was no noise.

When she reappeared it was on Arthur's arm. I had not been able to move from the place in which we were



"STEADY! THEIR EYES WILL SOON BE OFF ARTHUR."

hemmed, nor had I wished to. I was hungry for a glance of her eye. Would it turn my way, and, if it did, would it leave a curse or a blessing behind it? In anxiety for the blessing, I was willing to risk the curse, and I followed her every step with hungry glances until she reached the doorway and turned to give another shake of the hand to Mr. Moffat, who had followed them. But she did not see me.

"I cannot miss it! I must catch her eye!" I whispered to Clifton. "Get me out of this. It will be several minutes before they can reach the sleigh. Let me see her for one instant face to face."

Clifton disapproved and made me aware of it, but he did my bidding nevertheless.

I had just time to see this sleigh and note the rejoicing face of Zadok leaning sideways from the box when I beheld her pause and slowly turn her head around and peer eagerly—and with what divine anxiety in her eyes—back over the heads of those thronging about her until her gaze rested fully and sweetly on mine. My heart leaped, then sank down, down into unutterable depths, for in that instant her face changed, horror seized upon her beauty and shook her frantic hold on Arthur's arm.

I heard words uttered very near me, but I did not catch them. I did feel, however, the hand which was laid strongly and with authority upon my shoulder, and, tearing my eyes from her face only long enough to perceive that it was Sweetwater who had thus arrested me.

She had never been told of the incriminating position in which I had been seen in the clubhouse. It had been carefully kept from her, and she had supposed that my acquittal in the public mind was as certain as Arthur's. Now she saw herself deceived, and the reaction into doubt and misery was too much for her, and I saw her sinking under my eyes.

"Let me go to her!" I shrieked, utterly unconcerned with anything in the world but this tottering, fainting girl. But Sweetwater's hand only tightened on my shoulder, while Arthur, with an awful look at me, caught his sister in his arms just as she fell to the ground before the swaying multitude.

But he was not the only one to kneel there. With a sound of love and mis-

ery impossible to describe Zadok had leaped from the box and had groveled at those dear feet, kissing the insensible hands and praying for those shut eyes to open. Even after Arthur had lifted her into the sleigh the man remained crouching where she had fallen, with his eyes roaming back and forth in a sightless stare from her to myself, muttering and groaning and totally unheeding of Arthur's commands to mount the box and drive home. Finally some one else stepped from the crowd and mercifully took the reins. I caught one more glimpse of her face with Arthur's bent tenderness over it; then the sleigh slipped away.

An officer shook Zadok by the arm, and he got up and began to move aside. Then I had mind to face my own fate, and, looking up, I met Sweetwater's eye.

"I was quietly apologetic," said he, "only wished to congratulate you," said he, "on the conclusion of a case in which I know you are highly interested." Lifting his hat, he nodded affably and was gone before I could recover from my stupor.

It was for Clifton to show his indignation. I was past all feeling. Farce as an afterpiece never appealed to me.

Would I have considered it farce if I could have heard the words which this detective was at that moment whispering into the district attorney's ears:

"Do you want to know who throttled Adelaide Cumberland? It was not her brother; it was not her lover; it was her old and trusted coachman."

"Give me your reasons. They must be excellent ones, Sweetwater, or you would not risk making a second mistake in a case of this magnitude and publicity."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HANDICAPPED

This is the Case With Many Seymour People.

Too many Seymour citizens are handicapped with bad backs. The unceasing pain causes constant misery, making work a burden and stooping or lifting an impossibility. The back aches at night, preventing refreshing rest and in the morning is stiff and lame. Plasters and liniments may give relief but cannot reach the cause. To eliminate the pains and aches you must cure the kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sick kidneys—thousands testify to their merit. Can you doubt Seymour evidence?

Mrs. William Abbott, 112 E. Second St., Seymour, Ind., says: "I am a firm believer in the merits of Doan's Kidney Pills remedy. My back was very lame and sore and for days at a time, I could hardly get about. The kidney secretions were also unnatural and caused me no end of annoyance. Having heard and read so much about Doan's Kidney Pills, I finally decided to give them a trial and procured a supply. The results both surprised and delighted me and after I had taken the contents of three boxes of this remedy, every symptom of kidney complaint was removed."

For sale by all dealers. Price fifty cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Advertised Letters.

The following is a list of letters remaining in the post office at Seymour, Indiana and if not called for within 14 days will be sent to dead letter office.

Ladies

Miller Josephine,
Moegler Miss Anna,
Walkert Mr. and Mrs.

Men

Baellie Mr. G. R.
Davy Mr. Lawrence,
Eaton Mr. W. J.
Foster Mr. Thomas,
Heath Mr. Jack (2)
Stephen Mr. Charles.

Monday, June 5, 1911.

EDWARD A. REMY, P. M.

Saved His Wife's Life.

"My wife would have been in her grave today," writes O. H. Brown, of Muscadine, Ala., "if it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery. She was down in her bed, not able to get up without help. She had a severe bronchial trouble and a dreadful cough. I got her a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, and she soon began to mend, and was well in a short time." Infallible for coughs and colds, its most reliable remedy on earth for desperate lung trouble, hemorrhages, lagrippe, asthma, hay fever, croup and whooping cough. 50c, \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by The Andrews Drug Co.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the Stockholders of Seymour Public Service Company will be held at the office of the company in the city of Seymour, Indiana on the 12th day of June A. D. 1911 at 10 o'clock for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors and transacting any other business that may properly come before said meeting.

H. L. HANLEY,

Secretary, Seymour Public Service Co.

An Expert CHI-NAMEL Demonstrator

will be at our store

June 7 and 8

showing the new

CHI-NAMEL

WALL TONE

and Stencil Decorative Process

for Walls and Fabrics

KESSLER

Hardware Co.

W.A. Carter & Son

Headquarters for Automobile Oils and Gasoline, Whiz and Blue Ribbon Polish, Whiz and Flash Carbon Remover, Soap-stone, Talc and Dry Cells. Perfection Oil Cook Stoves.

General Repair Shop.

Corner of Second and Broadway

Building Material

The Very Best at the Lowest Prices

Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Sash, Doors and Blinds.

High Grade Mill Work

Veeneered Doors and Interior Finish.

Travis Carter Co.

Hats Cleaned and Blocked

Straw Hats, Panamas, Felt Hats, all kinds of Hats. Receive Careful Attention.

Shoe Shining, 5 cents. Special chairs for Ladies.

Peter Balasses

Giger Block, 20 Indianapolis Ave.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

Prescriptions A Specialty

GEORGE F. MEYER'S DRUG STORE

George F. Kamman

Licensed Optician

EYES TESTED FREE

With T. M. JACKSON, 104 West Second Street

CONGDON & DURHAM,

Fire, Tornado, Liability, Accident and Sick Benefit INSURANCE. Real Estate, Rental Agency, Prompt attention to all business.

RICHART



Wouldn't It Jar You

to find your purchase of BINDER TWINE unsatisfactory and not have any means of redress. It won't happen if you do your buying here. We are always eager to make things right, always anxious to insure your satisfaction rather than any immediate profit for ourselves. Let us prove it.

OSBORNE BINDER TWINE IS ALWAYS FULL WEIGHT AND FULL MEASURE. Has been the farmer's favorite Binder Twine FOR YEARS. Every ball guaranteed.

Your choice of Sisal or Standard. Price guaranteed with Deering McCormick or Plymouth brands, per lb. 7c Plain Tag Binder Twine, Standard or Sisal, per lb. 6½c

Ray R. Keach's Country Store

East Second Street

Seymour, Ind.

Straw Hats

Our reputation for high grade straw hats is well established, and our line this year will maintain this reputation. Strongest line we have ever shown

50c to \$7.

Nobby line for the "little fellows" 25c to \$1.50.

The Hub

Always in the Lead

PERSONAL.

Sim Watkins went to Vallonia this morning.

Miss Josephine Able spent today in Indianapolis.

John Roeger, went to Cincinnati this morning.

Mrs. John Tovey of Brownstown, was here today.

W. H. Bower, of Kurtz, was here today on business.

John R. Tinder, county clerk, was here this morning.

John H. Kamman went to Brownstown this morning.

Mrs. Laura Tucker went to Jonesville this morning.

H. T. Bennett went to Medora this morning on business.

Mrs. Elmer Hadley left Tuesday for a visit with relatives in Alabama.

Frank Jerrell, who travels for the King Coffe Co., is here visiting relatives.

Mrs. H. D. Murdock and Mrs. R. J. Thompson spent today in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Henry Gardiner and children, of Indianapolis, are visiting Mrs. C. Doane.

Joe Muer, general baggage master of the B. & O., was here Tuesday on business.

Frank Smith and L. M. Brown of the I. C. & S. Traction Co., were here this morning.

Misses Della and Pauline Schneider of Brownstown, spent today with Miss Rose Rau.

Mrs. Lillian Stevens and son, of Indianapolis, came to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Durham.

Mrs. Bradford, and daughters, of Elizabethtown, have been visiting at R. J. Barbour's several days.

Mrs. Samuel Bryan of Franklin, has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Tevis Carter, the past week.

Mrs. Jerry Miller and son, Frank, went to Evansville this afternoon for an extended visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. William Umphrey and daughter went to Rivervale this morning to visit for a few days.

Rev. George Rader, pastor of the Christian Church, left for Trinity Springs this morning to spend a few days.

Mrs. George Thompson of New Albany, who is visiting here and Mrs. John Rockstroh spent today in Brownstown.

Mrs. Bertha Kerl and daughter, Miss Helen, left this morning for their home in Chicago after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Andy Frey.

Mrs. John Gebhardt and children left for Cleveland, Ohio this morning to spend a month with her father. Mr. Gebhardt accompanied them as far as Cincinnati.

Mrs. Geo. Meyer and son, Willard, returned to their home in Indianapolis this morning after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bretthauer.

Mrs. Charles Ritz and daughter, who are spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Roembly south of the city, went to Columbus this morning.

Mrs. George Thompson of New Albany, who is visiting here and Mrs. John Rockstroh spent today in Brownstown.

Mrs. Bertha Kerl and daughter, Miss Helen, left this morning for their home in Chicago after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Andy Frey.

Mrs. John Gebhardt and children left for Cleveland, Ohio this morning to spend a month with her father. Mr. Gebhardt accompanied them as far as Cincinnati.

Mrs. Geo. Meyer and son, Willard, returned to their home in Indianapolis this morning after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bretthauer.

Mrs. Charles Ritz and daughter, who are spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Roembly south of the city, went to Columbus this morning.

Mrs. George Thompson of New Albany, who is visiting here and Mrs. John Rockstroh spent today in Brownstown.

Mrs. Bertha Kerl and daughter, Miss Helen, left this morning for their home in Chicago after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Andy Frey.

Mrs. John Gebhardt and children left for Cleveland, Ohio this morning to spend a month with her father. Mr. Gebhardt accompanied them as far as Cincinnati.

Mrs. Geo. Meyer and son, Willard, returned to their home in Indianapolis this morning after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bretthauer.

Mrs. Charles Ritz and daughter, who are spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Roembly south of the city, went to Columbus this morning.

Mrs. George Thompson of New Albany, who is visiting here and Mrs. John Rockstroh spent today in Brownstown.

Mrs. Bertha Kerl and daughter, Miss Helen, left this morning for their home in Chicago after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Andy Frey.

Mrs. John Gebhardt and children left for Cleveland, Ohio this morning to spend a month with her father. Mr. Gebhardt accompanied them as far as Cincinnati.

Mrs. Geo. Meyer and son, Willard, returned to their home in Indianapolis this morning after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bretthauer.

Mrs. Charles Ritz and daughter, who are spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Roembly south of the city, went to Columbus this morning.

Mrs. George Thompson of New Albany, who is visiting here and Mrs. John Rockstroh spent today in Brownstown.

Mrs. Bertha Kerl and daughter, Miss Helen, left this morning for their home in Chicago after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Andy Frey.

Mrs. John Gebhardt and children left for Cleveland, Ohio this morning to spend a month with her father. Mr. Gebhardt accompanied them as far as Cincinnati.

Mrs. Geo. Meyer and son, Willard, returned to their home in Indianapolis this morning after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bretthauer.

Mrs. Charles Ritz and daughter, who are spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Roembly south of the city, went to Columbus this morning.

Mrs. George Thompson of New Albany, who is visiting here and Mrs. John Rockstroh spent today in Brownstown.

Mrs. Bertha Kerl and daughter, Miss Helen, left this morning for their home in Chicago after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Andy Frey.

Mrs. John Gebhardt and children left for Cleveland, Ohio this morning to spend a month with her father. Mr. Gebhardt accompanied them as far as Cincinnati.

Mrs. Geo. Meyer and son, Willard, returned to their home in Indianapolis this morning after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bretthauer.

Mrs. Charles Ritz and daughter, who are spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Roembly south of the city, went to Columbus this morning.

Mrs. George Thompson of New Albany, who is visiting here and Mrs. John Rockstroh spent today in Brownstown.

Mrs. Bertha Kerl and daughter, Miss Helen, left this morning for their home in Chicago after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Andy Frey.

Mrs. John Gebhardt and children left for Cleveland, Ohio this morning to spend a month with her father. Mr. Gebhardt accompanied them as far as Cincinnati.

Mrs. Geo. Meyer and son, Willard, returned to their home in Indianapolis this morning after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bretthauer.

Mrs. Charles Ritz and daughter, who are spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Roembly south of the city, went to Columbus this morning.

Mrs. George Thompson of New Albany, who is visiting here and Mrs. John Rockstroh spent today in Brownstown.

Mrs. Bertha Kerl and daughter, Miss Helen, left this morning for their home in Chicago after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Andy Frey.

Mrs. John Gebhardt and children left for Cleveland, Ohio this morning to spend a month with her father. Mr. Gebhardt accompanied them as far as Cincinnati.

Mrs. Geo. Meyer and son, Willard, returned to their home in Indianapolis this morning after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bretthauer.

Mrs. Charles Ritz and daughter, who are spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Roembly south of the city, went to Columbus this morning.

Mrs. George Thompson of New Albany, who is visiting here and Mrs. John Rockstroh spent today in Brownstown.

Mrs. Bertha Kerl and daughter, Miss Helen, left this morning for their home in Chicago after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Andy Frey.

Mrs. John Gebhardt and children left for Cleveland, Ohio this morning to spend a month with her father. Mr. Gebhardt accompanied them as far as Cincinnati.

Mrs. Geo. Meyer and son, Willard, returned to their home in Indianapolis this morning after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bretthauer.

Mrs. Charles Ritz and daughter, who are spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Roembly south of the city, went to Columbus this morning.

Mrs. George Thompson of New Albany, who is visiting here and Mrs. John Rockstroh spent today in Brownstown.

Mrs. Bertha Kerl and daughter, Miss Helen, left this morning for their home in Chicago after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Andy Frey.

Mrs. John Gebhardt and children left for Cleveland, Ohio this morning to spend a month with her father. Mr. Gebhardt accompanied them as far as Cincinnati.

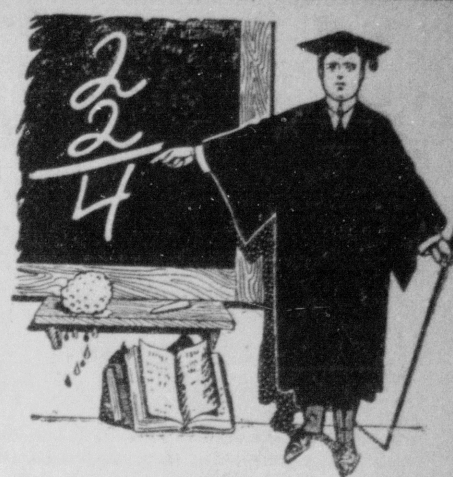
Just ONE WAY!

There is just one way to do business and that is the best way. Call and let us talk this best way over with you. You will always find our latchstring out during banking hours. Our bank has prospered because it has always done business in the best way. We bank on you and you bank with us and thus we can help each other up the hill of prosperity.

JACKSON COUNTY LOAN & TRUST CO.

SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

We Pay 3 Per Cent. Interest on Savings Deposits.



AN ADDITION

to your coal bill is not what you are looking for. What you want is a subtraction. Then try our egg size soft coal for ranges. You'll find it goes farther and gives more heat than the ordinary coal. That means less coal used and consequently smaller bills to pay.

Raymond City Coal per ton \$4.00
Ebner Ice and Cold Storage Co.
Phone No. 4.

PHOTO Factory

We make Post Cards.

Also 1/4 and 1/2 and full size Cabinets mounted on fine cards.

We make Family or other groups or buildings on 5x7 and 8x10 or larger cards.

We also enlarge from old pictures or life negatives to any size desired and guarantee correct likeness of original. Phone 103.

PLATTER & CO.



IF YOU CAN GET LUMBER FOR NOTHING

you'll be foolish to buy it, of course. But if you can't get it for nothing—real good lumber—you can do the next best thing; pay as little as possible consistent with good quality and value. This is what you'll be able to do at our yards, for our facilities afford large savings in the purchase of the medium and better grades of both rough and finished lumber.

SEYMOUR PLANING MILL CO.
419 S. Chestnut St.



Waltham is the watch for time-accuracy. Men who do things on schedule arrange their duties by Waltham time. The

WALTHAM

is the watch of life-long service—and right now

"It's Time You Owned a Waltham."

We have a complete Waltham stock including all models and grades at a convenient price-range. Come in and talk watch with us.

J. G. LAUPUS, Jeweler.

DR. G. W. FARVER,

Practice Limited to

DISEASES OF THE EYE.

Room 2 Andrews-Schwenk Block,

SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

Office Hours: 8-12 a. m. 1-5, 7-8 p. m.

Phone 147

GLASSES FITTED.

H. F. BROWN, M. D. C.

VETERINARIAN

Office: Hopewell; Brick Barn

Phones: Office 226, Residence 179.

Calls answered promptly.

Wall Paper

—AT—

T. R. CARTER'S

Mayes' Cash Grocery

Snow Drift Cooking Oil for Salads, Shortening, Frying, Gravies, etc. Saves butter and lard, 25c put up in sealed cans, at per can

Hoyts Corn Flakes, 2 for 15c
1/2 pint bottle of Grape Juice 10c
Potato Chips per package 10c

Strawberries, Gooseberries, Pineapples, Oranges, Bananas, New Potatoes, New Tomatoes and Radishes at

MayesCashGrocery

Phone 658. All Goods Delivered

PLENTY OF LAW FOR THE CASES

Attorney General Criticises
Bloomington Lawyers.

HAD MISSED THE MAIN POINT

Dismissal of Charges Against Alleged Illegal Voters in Option Election on Ground That New Law Failed to Provide For Prosecution, Attorney General Honan Holds, Was a Bit of Faulty Interpretation.

Indianapolis, June 7.—In an unofficial opinion Attorney General Thomas M. Honan has declared that the decision reached by attorneys in the cases of twenty-eight students of Indiana university, whereby it was held that they could not be tried for alleged illegal voting in the Bloomington local option election last week, is without proper legal foundation. The attorneys, including the prosecuting attorney, held that the Proctor local option law, regulating such elections, made no provision concerning the legality or illegality of voters, and that therefore there were no grounds for prosecution.

"If the opinion expressed by these attorneys is right," said the attorney general, "then there would be nothing to prevent either the Anti-Saloon League or the brewers' association from colonizing any community where a local option election is to be held and voting the colonists."

"The Proctor law expressly sets out that the general election laws of the state shall apply to the local option elections where the law does not specify otherwise. This controls so far as the legality of any person voting is concerned. As I understand the case, there were no grounds for dismissing the cases against the students, on the

assertion that there was no law by which they could be tried. There was an abundance of law for their trials—as much as there is in any case involving a question of legal voting.

"I would not presume to give an opinion as to the legality of the votes cast by the students. That would be a question of fact to be determined solely by the court or jury."

TEAM WORK CHARGED

Indianapolis Tailor and His Wife Accused of Smooth Game.

Indianapolis, June 7.—Michael Arnold Witz and wife have been arrested charged with the systematic robbery of the Domb Brothers women's furnishing house. Detectives charge that Arnold Witz, who was a tailor employed by the firm, stole \$9,000 worth of silks and laces, which he worked into goods. His wife is charged with disposing of the finished garments. The robberies have been going on for several years, and the detectives spent three months on the case.

The Cling That Chokes.

Give it time enough and eventually the clinging vine will get the giant oak's goat.—Galveston News.

Confessed to Burglary.

Lebanon, Ind., June 7.—Bert Norton, aged twenty-seven, and Fred DeArmond, eighteen, were given from two to fourteen years each for burglary. They were arrested last week and confessed. Norton's father has collapsed and is critically ill.

His Boat Capsized.

Fort Wayne, Ind., June 7.—Don Bergamon's body was recovered at the narrows of Sylvan lake, Rome City. Bergamon was rowing and when his boat was found upset a search was made. He was thirty years old.

William Coan Convicted.

Terre Haute, Ind., June 7.—A verdict of manslaughter was returned against William Coan, and he was sentenced to from two to fourteen years for killing John Lawrence, an aged farmer, who came to the Coan house to call on Mrs. Graff, who had formerly been his housekeeper.

Nonsense About "Criminal Nature."

"Criminal nature!" As Thomas T. Tynan, the young warden of the Colorado State penitentiary, propelled his sturdy bulk into the automobile, his merry Irish face lost its usual smile and he fairly snarled the words: "That's the kind of talk that makes me sick. I tell you, there isn't any! Come right down to it, and this thing they call 'criminal nature' is only human nature at its worst. Look at those men! Take 'em one at a time. Honest to goodness, I've been on many a camping trip with fellows that weren't half as fine and likeable and square. When theorists talk to me, I tell them that the real 'criminal problem' is to get rid of these criminologists that fill the people with a lot of solemn dope about criminal eyes, criminal ears, criminal mouth, and all that sort of stuff. It's all poppycock. Why, shave that shock head of yours, take off the collar and tie, put yourself in a ticking shirt, and the average criminologist would weep with joy at the sight. Not long since a man came in who had all the beauty of a Christ picture, but after the barber and tailor got through with him, he looked the kind of a fellow we hate to meet on a dark night.

"Ever hear that story," he continued, "about the lawyer who took his wife to court? After she had looked around a minute she gave a sudden shudder. 'My,' she whispered, 'what an awful creature the prisoner is!'

"'Sh-h-h!' her husband hissed. 'The prisoner hasn't come in yet. That's the judge.'"—(From Success Magazine.)

The Wool Revision Bill.

Washington, June 7.—Representative Underwood of Alabama, chairman of the ways and means committee, has reported the wool revision bill, which will be taken up for debate at once. The house passed a resolution appropriating \$25,000 to defray the cost of the special inquiry into the affairs of the American Sugar Refining company.

THOMAS M. HONAN

Indiana Attorney General Points Out Law In Illegal Voting Case.



SERIOUSLY INJURED.

Peter Wise Caught Under a Falling Shed Tuesday.

Peter Wise, east of Crothersville, was seriously injured Tuesday by a shed falling on him. He was inside the shed which was near the house, when a hard wind storm came up and before he could get out of the building, it collapsed. He is in a critical condition as the result of his injuries.

Mr. Wise's farm adjoins the farm of E. Everhart who was killed Monday by lightning.

Phone 621 for Ice. Claude Carter.

Try a Want Ad. in the Republican.

STRAW HATS

The hot weather has sent men scrambling for Straw Hats.

We've all the season's newest, natty, extreme styles for young dressers, and conservative styles for elderly men.

Yacht Hats of Split Milans, Swiss and China Braids in all dimensions. Price range 25c to \$3.00.

Panamas \$4.50 up.

Gold Bond Guaranteed Hats, equal to any \$3.00 hat made, price \$2.00.

THOMAS CLOTHING CO.

The Lawyer's Boomerang

A TRUE STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By COL. H. C. WHITLEY Former Chief United States Secret Service

IT NOT unfrequently happens that the trials of criminals develop unexpectedly scenes of interest that would form novel situations for the finest dramatic and stage effect.

Counterfeiters are a most difficult class of criminals to detect and convict. The peculiar nature of this crime, the temptation to sudden and easy wealth, is a fatal fascination that often lays hold of persons possessed of wonderful ingenuity in devising methods to escape punishment. Almost at the beginning of our great Civil war, gold and silver went out of circulation and a vast volume of unfamiliar paper currency was thrust suddenly upon the country. Every note issued by the government was followed so closely by the counterfeiters that the most expert money changers were often unable to tell the good from the bad. In some instances the counterfeit fractional currency was almost, if not quite, equal to the genuine.

The Stanton head fifty cent issue was so cleverly imitated that it passed current for a long time before its base nature was discovered. Circulating principally among the poorer classes, it was doing incalculable damage and I was making a great effort to reach its source, with little or no success up to the time a chance discovery was made.

One day a detective walking leisurely along the sidewalk of an unfrequented street in New York city suddenly found himself face to face with Peter Delinsky, a skilled counterfeiter who had been released from the Albany penitentiary about a year before. Delinsky had been caught by me in the act of printing a counterfeit two dollar bill on the National Kinderhook bank. He gave some valuable information and his sentence had been cut down to three years.

When the detective met him he had on a new suit of fashionable cut. Wearing yellow kid gloves, and carrying a nobby gold-headed cane, he was putting quite a swell for an ex-convict. The detective was both curious and suspicious. Where on earth did old Delinsky get that expensive outfit? He was unable to guess. He knew the old man was broke when he got out of the penitentiary, as he had when released called at the Secret Service branch office and taken up a subscription, besides, the old counterfeiter had never been known to engage in any legitimate work. For this reason the detective was quite sure he was doing something crooked, so he just "pulled" the old fellow and escorted him to the office of the Secret Service division on Bleeker street. The government officers in that day rarely took out warrants for the arrest of counterfeiters.

The detective in this case was well posted regarding old Delinsky, and it was only necessary to acquaint him with the fact that the chief was anxious to see him on important business.

When brought to my office he was badly frightened. I took him into a private room where I accused and questioned him, but he stoutly denied that he was engaged in counterfeiting.

"Then what are you doing, and where did you get these fine clothes you are wearing?" I inquired.

The old fellow was unable to answer this question satisfactorily. Taking advantage of his hesitating manner, I pressed him more closely and threatened to send him back to the penitentiary.

He was a Russian and not altogether familiar with the laws of this country. Hence I was able to frighten him. He held out for a long time but finally admitted that he was at work printing the fifty cent Stanton head for a fellow countryman, who, he said, was an engraver. The old printer had been detained at my office two days before he made his confession.

The Russian engraver by whom he was employed became suspicious and threw the hand press upon which the counterfeit notes were being printed into the East river. Delinsky was not aware of this when I released him upon his promise to carry out my instructions and enable the government detectives to seize the counterfeit plates and capture the engraver. When Delinsky returned to the room where the counterfeiting had been done he found the place empty. When he met the Russian engraver he learned the particulars of what had happened, and accounted for his absence by explaining that he had been on a visit with some friends.

The engraver was not altogether satisfied with the excuse, but he was willing to compromise the matter if Delinsky would buy another press to take the place of the one that had been destroyed.

When Delinsky reported the situation to me I sent a detective out to buy a small plate printing press. He employed a wagon and took the press to the room where the printing was to be done. When Delinsky was again ready to begin work the engraver, as

is usual in such cases, brought only the face of the plate. When a certain number of pieces were worked off on this, the engraver was expected to bring the plate for printing the back and take away the face plate. Counterfeiters are always more or less suspicious of one another and have good reason to be. Nearly all of them are treacherous and liable to sell out to the detectives at any time.

I was anxious to secure the counterfeit plates and I did not think it wise to arrest the engraver until I could catch him with the plates complete. I told Delinsky to accidentally mark the face plate. He did this. When the engraver came to inspect the prints he saw the defect and it was agreed between him and the printer that he would go to his home and bring the back plate which Delinsky could be printing from while he himself was touching up the defect on the face.

The news of this move was at once brought to me and three trusty officers were dispatched to watch the house where the printing was being done. Delinsky had furnished a plan of the house, the hall and the stairway leading to the room. Everything necessary was known to the detectives. At what was thought to be the opportune moment the raid was made. One of the detectives gained access through a basement window. He pulled off his boots, slipped softly up the stairs and unbarred the street door. The other officers, shod with gum shoes, now made their way carefully to the room occupied by the counterfeiters. The screws of the lock had been loosened by Delinsky

seemingly on the verge of an unlawful transaction to entrap him.

When he was brought to my office he was wise enough to realize that the chances for his escape were very small. When questioned he confessed everything and promised to plead guilty.

When his case came up in the United States court ex-Judge Stuart was his counsel. He was a criminal lawyer of considerable ability, about seventy-five years of age. He had been practicing law in New York city for many years and was the trusted friend and adviser of many of the most notorious criminals of that day. Tall, raw-boned, solemn faced and deeply sentimental, he could shed crocodile tears copiously while making a plea for his client. I have often been filled with wonderment at the effect produced upon the minds of jurors by his great actor. His tragic voice, his long gray locks and tearful eyes, had an astonishing effect and frequently brought tears even to the eyes of the judge and the stony-hearted lawyers engaged in the prosecution, who were sometimes seen to turn their heads during the dramatic scenes enacted by the old hypocrite while engaged in defending his client.

The evidence introduced in the Russian engraver's case was so strong and overwhelming that anything like a successful defense upon legal grounds appeared quite impossible. Stuart had been at my office and made an effort to secure the Russian's release on his promise to assist in capturing other counterfeiters. But I turned the proposition down and his counsel had said that his client would plead guilty and throw himself upon the mercy of the court. When the case was brought to trial Judge Stuart informed me that his client had changed his mind and had concluded to stand trial. He said the Russian had disregarded his advice and he did not think there was any chance of saving him.

When the case was called and the jury was organized, I saw they were a choice selection of philanthropists. The testimony produced on the trial was more than sufficient to convict; there did not seem to be even a shadow of a chance for the prisoner's

this country. It is true he performed the act charged against him. He is guilty of no crime because he was led to believe by that old counterfeiter Delinsky that the work he was doing was for the government. He did not know that the plate was counterfeit. He is the innocent victim of a plot planned and carried out by the government detectives."

Shaking his finger as he pointed towards the detectives, he declared in a tragic voice that they could not deny the charge he made. He said the chief had acknowledged furnishing the money for the purpose of buying the printing press, the paper and the ink upon which the counterfeit currency was printed.

The jury appeared dazed. While the charge against the Russian was not for printing counterfeit currency, but for engraving plates for that purpose, the muddled jury did not seem to understand the difference.

The old lawyer saw that he had made a point and he now rested his strangely fascinating eyes upon the jurymen. Raising his long arms above his head he roared with a voice resembling distant thunder.

"My God! Gentlemen of the jury, is this poor, ignorant man to be deprived of his liberty upon the unsupported testimony of these hirelings?"

This as he again shook his long bony forefinger and pointed towards the detectives. Turning partly around he placed his hand tenderly upon the head of the Russian and bade him arise and stand where twelve honest men could look him in the face. Stuart declared he had been employed by the broken-hearted wife of the poor man to say a few words in his behalf.

"For this service I have received no fee, and I wouldn't accept one. This poor man could not tell his own story. For the first time in his life he has been arrested. He does not know a good piece of money from a bad one. He has a wife and family to support."

At this moment a poorly clad woman with tears running down her cheeks stepped forward. Four half-frightened children were hanging to her skirts. The old lawyer took the woman by the hand and turned to the jury as he said:

"This is the wife and children of the unfortunate prisoner. May God help them. If their father is convicted these children will be left to starve and the wife will be compelled to endure the sneers of all who know her. These cunning detectives have pursued this innocent man to the very verge of destruction and it rests with you gentlemen of the jury to save him."

When the old lawyer sat down several of the jurors had their handkerchiefs in their hand and were wiping away their tears. There was silence in the court room when the government attorney arose. He blinked a little as he briefly reviewed the evidence. The judge made his charge and the jury retired to a side room.

After deliberating about five minutes they came back and rendered a verdict of acquittal. The government attorney and detectives were astounded. As soon as the prisoner was discharged he threw his arms around his attorney and kissed him on the cheek. He then shook hands with each of the jurymen, and had they permitted it he would have kissed them. He next embraced his wife and kissed her, and taking up one of the children in his arms the family went out of the court room.

Several days after the trial Judge Stuart came to my office. He was considerably excited when he told me that it had been discovered that the wife and children brought into court as the family of the Russian engraver were not his at all. They were the family of another Russian and had been borrowed for the occasion. The judge put his hand into the inner pocket of his vest and drew out a roll of bills.

"Here," said he, "is the stuff that d—d scoundrel paid me for defending him."

I saw at a glance that the stuff pulled out by the judge consisted of counterfeit bills on the National Shoe and Leather bank, and I learned that the old lawyer came very near being arrested for passing some of this bogus money. He said he wanted me to catch the rascal and give him fifteen years in the penitentiary.

It was too late—the Russian had fled to Canada.

Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

Agrees to Fast on Mondays

So She Will Be Hungry Enough to Make Out Good Menus for the Coming Week.

The methodical family needed a housekeeper. One of the first questions put to her was: "Are you willing to do without luncheon on Mondays?"

The elimination of her noonday meal being a form of abstinence that she had never practiced, the housekeeper replied that she would have to think about it. "Why can't I eat then?" she asked.

"Because if you do you will not get hungry enough to make out menus for the coming week," said the employer. "It is a rule in this house to write the family bill of fare on Monday for the coming week. To study out really appetizing meals for seven days ahead a person must be ravenously hungry. The ordinary interval between meals is not long enough to develop a gargantuan appetite, so on Monday we prefer our housekeeper to skip a meal. The hungry she gets the more active her imagination becomes and along in the middle of the afternoon she can

compose some very attractive menus. Hasn't that been your experience, too?"

The housekeeper confessed that it had, so she agreed to fast on Monday.

A Thrifty Pensioner.

William A. Munson, notary public and pension agent, of Providence, R. I., drew 19 pensions regularly for years. The government paid him about \$20,000. Munson usually kept the pension certificates of his clients in the office, and executed quarterly vouchers for the pensioners. One by one the pensioners died. Munson continued to execute the vouchers, forging the name of the pensioner, and usually that of the identifying witnesses. He kept up the practice until checks for 16 dead pensioners were regularly coming to him, besides checks for three pensioners who had remarried and ceased to be entitled to them. Among the beneficiaries was Munson's aunt. She drew her pension until 1879. He also continued to draw for five years the pension of his sister after she had died in her own house in 1853.—World's Work.

THE MAN DECIDES

By GRACE E. LESTER

Martha Bemis clambered off the train just as Mrs. Phillip Metcalf drove up to the prim little station with its inevitable triangle of green grass and the bed of geraniums at the side.

"You dear little idiot!" cried Mrs. Phillip. "I'm awfully glad to see you. Give me your hand and I'll help you up."

"I call that yanking me up," panted Martha, as she tumbled in beside her friend.

"I can't help it," laughed Mrs. Metcalf, kissing her. "I am so glad to see you that I even drove over myself to meet you, in spite of my duties as hostess."

Martha settled back in the seat and sniffed the crisp air.

"Glorious!" she murmured.

Mrs. Metcalf smiled in sympathy. "You always did live in the superlative, dear. It is a wonder to me that with your temperament you have not married."

Martha brushed the idea away with her hand.

"Impossible! I have tried to reconcile myself to some men and I cannot. They put themselves at a disadvantage. Most of them propose at some social affair under the impression that they look irresistible." She paused and made a grimace. "They look like a lot of crows."

"Martha! Martha!" protested Mrs. Metcalf, laughing. "The air has certainly gone to your head. But where should a man propose?"

"Out of doors, of course. It is his natural element and woman's, too, only a woman appears better in the artificial life."

"Is that why you didn't accept Stanley Metcalf last year?" asked Mrs. Metcalf, gazing off over the rolling country.

Martha flushed and hesitated.

"No-o. I just didn't think I wanted to get married. I couldn't decide so quickly."

"I don't think you know what you want, Martha," reproved her friend, flicking a fly from the horse's back with the whip. "You should have some one else to decide for you. If I were a man I would bind you hand and foot and carry you away."

"Then I wish you were a man," said Martha, half seriously, as they drove in at the gate.

A few evenings later Martha trailed down the stairs in a shimmering, pink gown which surrounded her like a soft, billowing cloud, shaded by a crimson sunset. She was met in the hall by her hostess.

"I have been looking for you everywhere, Martha. I need another hand at whist."

"Oh, please don't make me," pleaded Martha. "I am so tired and sleepy and I don't feel a bit like whist."

"No wonder you are tired, the tramp you took this afternoon. I'll let you off this time; you have been very good about playing," said Mrs. Metcalf, pinching Martha's bare arm. "Better go to bed; it is after eleven," she added, turning back to the parlor.

"Guess I will," agreed Martha, starting up the stairs. She stopped half way up, attracted by the bright fire in the library. "Guess I won't," she murmured, descending the stairs.

She paused at the door, admiring the effect of the fire and the rose-colored light of the chandelier; then she moved toward the fire, unconscious of adding another shade to the pink glow of the room. The small clock on the mantel struck midnight; she heard the guests going to their rooms and made a half-hearted effort to arouse herself and follow them, but she only changed her position and settled back in the chair.

The house was very still—so still that when the little French clock struck three Martha opened her eyes and gazed at it stupidly.

"I went to sleep," she muttered in surprise.

She rose half way in her chair, but sank back quickly. A muffled step was coming across the hall. It stopped at the door and came into the room. She heard a stifled exclamation and, lifting her eyes to the mirror over the mantel, she saw a masked man with a silk hat on his head and a fur-lined coat on his arm.

He returned her look for a moment, then removed his hat and came and stood in front of her.

"I thought you were a pink ghost," he said in a low tone.

At the sound of his voice she drew in her breath sharply and leaned forward.

"Who—who are you?" she stammered, her heart beating suffocatingly.

He made a slight bow and replied: "I am a gentleman thief!"

"You are not!" contradicted Martha, flatly. "It is impossible. I shall ring for someone at once."

She arose, but before she had taken a step he was in front of her.

"Do not, I beg of you," he entreated. "I will tell me why you contradicted me. Why is it impossible for me to be a thief?"

"Because nothing. Of course you are a thief if you wish, even if you have a voice," she finished desperately.

"A voice?" he questioned, puzzled. "I mean a voice like someone I knew once," she explained, in confusion.

"Is it not possible that you were

deceived by his voice—in him?" he asked with a whimsical smile.

"Most certainly not!" she flared. "Stanley—" She stopped, frightened, and tried to pass him. He prevented her by catching over her hands and, leaning over her, trembled.

"This man. Was he anything to you?" he demanded.

"I am not in the habit of making a confidant of anyone, least of all a gentleman thief."

He paid no heed to the rebuke, but drew her hands against his breast.

"Tell me, tell me! Do you love him?" he persisted.

"You—you—!" she gasped.

"Tell me!" she reiterated sharply.

"Yes!" she sobbed.

The man gave a low, triumphant cry and caught her in his arms. In the struggle to free herself she threw up her hand and the mask slipped from his face.

"Stanley Metcalf!" She lay in his arms a moment, stunned by the revelation; then tore herself away, white with rage.

"How dare you!" she cried. "How dare you play such a cheap trick on me?"

"Martha, let me explain," he begged.

"There is nothing to explain," she replied. "I will not listen."

"Yes, you will," he declared. "There was no trick about it."

"Of course not," she sneered.

He paid no heed to her words, but continued speaking rapidly.

"I had been at a masquerade party at the Yelvingtons, over at G— about 30 miles from here. I promised Phil and his wife that I would pay them a visit, so I decided to come on over in my machine tonight. I had a slight accident, which accounted for my being late. I left



Saw a Masked Man.

the car at the gate and entered by one of the windows, intending to arouse some one and announce my arrival. I noticed the light in the library and looking saw, or so I supposed, my sister-in-law asleep in front of the fire. Knowing that she was not easily frightened I slipped on my mask and entered the room, intending to play a joke on her."

"Is that all?" Martha asked, coldly. "You know the rest," he went on. "When I saw your reflection in the mirror my surprise was as great as yours. I did not know that you were visiting here."

"That explains your presence, but it does not explain your taking advantage of the unusual situation to force a confession from me," she blazed.

"When you spoke of my voice, dear, I lost my head. I was wild to know the truth. If you love me why should you not say so?" he argued.

"If that is all I think I will leave you," she said, ignoring his last question because she could not answer it. "No! You shall not leave me—not after that confession. Martha," he cried, in a low tone, seizing her in his arms again.

"I hate you now!" she panted.

"O, no you don't. You will get used to my ways after we are married," he assured her, calmly.

"Married! I did not say that I would marry you. I will not."

"People that love each other ought to marry," he reasoned, quietly stepping to the long window and opening it. "We will have just about time to run over to G— and be married and be back in time for breakfast."

She stood looking at him in stupid wonder. "We haven't any too much time. It is after four now," he informed her.

"You must be crazy!" she gasped. "I am just coming to my senses," he replied. "Better put this coat on; it is cold riding." He threw the coat around her.

She stood facing him, defiantly. There was a moment's silence as each stood measuring the will power of the other. Then with a quick movement the man picked her up in his arms and stepping through the window leaped lightly to the lawn. He paused a moment and looked down in her surprised, indignant face with a smile.

"You'll be sorry," she cautioned, through closed teeth.

He answered her by bending his head and kissing her lips; then strode off across the lawn toward the road.

And Martha, catching sight of the new moon over his shoulder looked up and smiled in happy resignation.

BATTLESHIP ARKANSAS AND HER SPONSOR



TAKING THE WATER

MISS MARY L. MACON

AS the battleship Arkansas, Uncle Sam's newest and biggest fighting craft, started down the ways at Camden, N. J., the other day, Miss Mary L. Macon, daughter of Congressman Robert B. Macon of Arkansas, smashed a bottle of champagne across the bows of the great vessel. The battleship slid into the water and the launching was most successfully accomplished. In addition to Secretary of the Navy Meyer and numerous other officials from Washington, there were present many people from Arkansas, but the governor and other officials of that state were conspicuous by their absence. This was due to a dispute between the governor and Secretary Meyer concerning the date for the launching.

BIRDS OF PARADISE

Rare Specimens on Way to Experimental Career in Chicago.

Animal Keeper of Lincoln Park Zoo Will Try to Duplicate Natural Diet of His Gorgeous Guests From New Guinea.

Chicago.—The birdhouse at Lincoln park is all a flutter over the expected arrival of two birds of paradise. For the first time in the history of zoological gardens in the United States Cy de Vry will attempt to keep the large emerald bird in a temperate climate. The new acquisitions were purchased in London from a dealer who had obtained them in New Guinea. Both are males, as they only possess the brilliant colors and long aigrette feathers.

"The birds are an experiment with us," said Mr. de Vry, seated in his office, surrounded by a group of pet monkeys, a porcupine, a Persian cat and a few other zoological sundries, which help him to think quietly. "Take the question of feeding. These birds hail from New Guinea, where the books say their menu include all sorts of insects, tropical worms and the grain and seeds which birds find in the jungle. If they arrived here in summer we might supply some flies and a few grasshoppers, with an occasional worm, to their epicurean tastes. "What can I do in a frozen country? Not very much, but in a way a woman down in Mount Hope, Pa., has come to my rescue. She has started a business of raising mealworms for birds. I order 10,000 at a time. With them and some rice and other small grain I hope to keep the emerald birds of paradise alive."

According to the stories told by Mr. de Vry no bird in the world is quite as interesting as this emerald specimen. All through the middle ages the bird was the subject of many fables and legends. Occasionally some sailor in the East Indian seas would bring back the skin and feathers of one. The specimen would always lack legs. This gave rise to the fable that the bird was legless.

The legend explained that the bird of paradise never alighted, but was accustomed to float around in space above some East Indian Olympus whence come its godlike name. The narrative continued that the female bird made her nest in the splendid plumage of the male and there hatched her eggs. The difficulty of catching the birds, and even of seeing them, hidden as they usually are in the dense foliage of the teak trees in the thickest parts of the jungles of East India, kept alive the stories.

The actual behavior of the bird of paradise is stated now, according to Mr. de Vry, to be as interesting as the old legends. When the visitor approaches a bird of paradise, if the bird feels cheerful, the sounds "he, hi, ho, haw" are uttered as a welcome. When angry or gloomy, a dismal "whock, whock, whock" is all that is offered the guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Patty, the two American black bears, which have been guests of the Lincoln park commissioners some twenty years, were visited by two storks a few nights ago. The little black bears weighed scarcely a pound apiece. They are the first to be born in Lincoln park and among the first to be born in captivity.

The parents are very large, as black bears go, each weighing between 700 and 800 pounds. Their progeny, however, were smaller than puppies. The bears are savage all out of proportion to the weight of their offspring, and when Charles Johnson, one of the

keepers, called at the Patty cave to pay his respects, only unprecedented speed in leaving the couple saved his life.

FIND A PREHISTORIC STAMP

Official Seal Uncovered by Sand Diggers of Atzacapozalco—Wax Clinging to Face.

New York.—One of the most remarkable archaeological and ethnological discoveries made in Mexico since Prof. William Niven found the famous clay tablets of life and death down in the jungles of Guerrero, has been made amid the buried pile of petrified idols uncovered by the sand diggers of Atzacapozalco.

This find consists of nothing less than an official seal, or stamp, used by some prehistoric emperor or king in affixing his O. K. to papers of state. The discovery was made about 18 feet beneath the surface of the old river, or lake bed, which exists near the pretty suburb above named. This stream or pool has long been dead, the waters having been diverted by nature in another direction, so that now it is merely a basin of gravel overlaid with sand.

The artifact, which is about two inches in diameter, and in a perfect state of preservation, is remarkable for the fact that it contains, on the side used for stamping, several concentric circles at the margin, then a ring of hieroglyphics much resembling the characters of the ancient Russian alphabet, and around the center three more concentric rings.

The center itself is a corrugated hole, evidently used for the insertion of a wooden or stone handle. The upper surface of the seal, which is, of

course, circular in shape, is rounded so that the entire object forms almost a perfect hemisphere. On the top are other marks, evidently carved in the seal after the clay had hardened, and possibly intended to represent the signs of the zodiac, as they were known to the primitive astronomers of Mexico.

When found, particles of some black substance, evidently either wax or some ink-like fluid, were still clinging to the face, showing that the seal had not been subjected to very great action by the waters.

COLD FINE HAIR RESTORER

Explorer Shackleton Asserts Trip to Polar Regions Is Best Remedy—Germs Absent.

London.—If you would have a good crop of hair—go to the Polar regions. Extreme cold, it appears, is one of the remedies for strengthening hair. Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Antarctic explorer, said:

"All of the men who went with me on the South Pole expedition, with one or two exceptions, possessed stronger crops of hair on their return to civilization. "Extreme cold strengthens one's hair."

"As our party approached nearer the South Pole our hair grew more slowly, but became thicker and stronger. "A well-known London doctor said that one reason why one's hair would grow quicker in the Antarctic was the total absence of germs and other impurities which abound in all civilized countries."

An official of a London cold storage company said that they had not a bald-headed man in their employment. "The men work all day in a temperature of 20 degrees of frost, and the cold undoubtedly makes their hair thicker."

Boxing and Crating Good

Assertion That American Style of Protecting Export Shipments Is Faulty Denied.

Paris.—The widespread claim that American goods intended for export are the worst packed in the world has done more to hurt American foreign trade than any other dozen criticisms, according to James E. Dunning, American consul at Havre, France. The charge is utterly unjustified, it is said. Comparisons of American goods with the products of other countries on the wharves of the great ports of Europe fail to show any negligence in boxing, crating or wrapping. In many ways American methods of packing are more practical than others, because while protecting the goods as much as is necessary, they yet leave them open for easy inspection.

"The one example eternally cited as proof of the assertion that our goods are badly packed," said Mr. Dunning, "is baled cotton. The casual observer, seeing a pile of American cotton on the wharf, looking torn and dirty, the cotton itself exposed to dust and weather, is quick to draw a conclusion. I have talked with many buyers of American cotton, however, and they tell me, one and all, that the very openness of American bales saves them money, because it may be sampled in a hundredth part of the time it takes to sample cotton from other continents. On the other hand, the quantity of cotton spoiled by soiling is negligible."

"Go along the docks in Havre and look at the harvesting machinery sent to France, as indeed to all points of the world, by Chicago firms. You will find neat, tight crates, easy to handle, bound with steel ribbons. You will

find piles of heavy wheels without any crating, because they are strong enough to stand the wear of the journey unprotected. The delicate machinery is carefully wrapped out of harm's way. But our American manufacturers have no sympathy for business methods which entail expenditure of time and material in protecting articles which in no way suffer by being unprotected. After experience in many parts of Europe I have actually failed to find one case substantiating the criticism that goods exported from the United States are poorly packed."

HISTORIC TABLE IS LOANED

Institute of Architects Use One on Which Ghent Treaty Was Signed in 1812.

San Francisco.—Members of the American Institute of Architects who attended the recent annual convention held in this city sat at the table upon which was signed the treaty of Ghent, ending the war of 1812 with England.

The table became the property of President James Madison after the signing of the treaty and was placed in his office at the original White House. The White House was burned soon after and the table was one of the few pieces of furniture rescued.

President Madison moved his executive office and the table to Octagon House, in Washington. Octagon House is now the home of the Institute of Architects, but the table has had a vagabond career and has come into the possession of Mrs. Alfred Voorhies of this city. She loaned it to the architects for the conference.

MOTHER WORE HOBBLE SKIRT

Dressmaker Aroused at Midnight to Release Woman From Mysteries of Her New Gown.

The hour was well after midnight and Miss Fitton, the dressmaker, had been in bed quite a long time when she was awakened by a violent knocking on the street door.

She sprang up, and on the doorstep discerned a small urchin hammering away at the door.

"Hello, there!" she called out angrily.

Then the youngster looked up. "If yer please," he shouted, "you're wanted at once at No. 14. My mother—"

"Go away, you little silly!" broke in Miss Fitton. "You're at the wrong door; the doctor lives next house but one."

And the window was coming down with a bang when again his voice assailed her ears, yelling louder than ever:

"No, no; it's you we want. Mother's been having her new hobble skirt on today, and we don't know how to get her out of it!"

Why He Was Absent.

A teacher in a public kindergarten school tells the following story:

One of the little scholars did not report one day. The next morning the little fellow appeared on the scene and handed his teacher the following note:

"Dear Teacher: Please excuse Pedro for being absent. He got wet in the A. M. and had to be dried in the P. M. Mrs. Cologne."—Suburban Life.

WHY HE WORRIED.



Mrs. Wedded—So you are still an old bachelor, are you? Is that what makes you look so sad?
Mr. Singleton—No; it's because my married friends tell me all their troubles.

Art Values.

Advance Agent (of McBooth-Rantington company)—We'll require 20 supers for the mob scene in act three.

Manager (Yaptown town hall)—Gee whiz! Can't you git along with less'n that number?

Advance Agent—Not a one less.
Manager (sighing)—Well, you're goin' to put an awful crimp in the box office receipts!—Puck.

Wisdom of Father.

"My dad knows more'n George Washington did," said the small boy.
"How's that?" queried the grocer.
"Las' night," continued the s. b., "when I told dad I hadn't bin skatin' he sed he know'd better, an' gimme a lickin' fer lyin'." George Washington couldn't tell a lie, but dad kin tell one th' minit he hears it."

A Drop Too Much.

"What made her a widow?"
"She lost her husband, of course."
"Pshaw! I know that, but how did it happen?"
"Oh, it was the result of a falling out, I believe."
"Then she must be a Reno widow?"
"No; her late husband was a balloonatic."

Accommodating.

"But I can't stand that hall room," complained the shivering lodger.
"What's the trouble, sir?" asked the considerate landlady.
"Why, every morning I actually have to crack the ice in the water picher."
"Oh, don't let that worry you, Mr. Bings. After this I will send the handy man up to crack it for you."

Just a Fringe.

William Southern, Jr., went into a barber shop to have his hair cut recently.

"Will I have to take off my collar?" he asked.

"Nope," replied the barber, glancing at Mr. Southern's polished dome. "You wouldn't even have to take off your hat."

The Test.

"Had your brother good sport on his hunting trip?"

"He had a fine time, but very expensive."

"How is that?"

"He had to compromise heavily with so many of the families of the guides he shot."

Anything to Oblige.

Lady Guest—What do you do in case of fire?

Clerk (ringing bell)—One moment, madam. (To bellboy): Set the hotel on fire for this lady.—Life.

TREES KEEP STORM RECORD

Rings of Growth, Visible in Trunks, Tell the Story to Observing Men of Science.

It has been found that the rings of growth visible in the trunks of trees have a far more interesting story to tell than has usually been supposed. Everybody knows that they indicate the number of years that the tree has lived, but a scientist in Texas has made experiments and observations which seem to show that trees carry in their trunks a record of the weather conditions that have prevailed during the successive years of their growth.

Several trees, each more than 130 years old, were felled, and the order and the relative width of the rings of growth in their trunks were found to agree exactly.

This fact showed that all the trees had experienced the same stimulation in certain years and the same retardation in other years. Assuming that the most rapid growth had occurred in wet years and the least rapid in dry years, it was concluded that of the 134 years covered by the life of the trees sixty had been very wet, six extremely wet, eighteen wet, seventeen average as to the supply of moisture, nineteen dry, eight very dry and six extremely dry.

But when the records of rainfall running back as far as 1854 were consulted it was found that they did not all agree with the record of the trees. Still, it could not be denied that the rings in the trunks told a true story of the weather influences that had affected the trees in successive years. —Harper's Weekly.

Aids to Digestion.

Robust people, so long as they get what suits their own uncultivated taste, are apt to make very light of what they call "fancies" about food and overlook their real importance. Feeding on the part of civilized man is not the simple procedure which it is with animals, although many animals are particular as to their food and what is called "daintiness." The necessity for civilized man of cheerful company at his meal and for the absence of mental anxiety is universally recognized, as well as the importance of an inviting appeal to the appetite through the sense of smell and of sight, while the injurious effect of the reverse conditions, which may lead to nausea and even vomiting, is admitted.

Even the ceremonial features of the dinner table, the change of clothes, the leisurely yet precise succession of approved and expected dishes, accompanied by pleasant talk and light hearted companionship, are shown by strict scientific examination to be important aids to the healthy digestion of food, which need not be large in quantity, because wisely presented. —Sir Ray Lankester, in London Telegraph.

New French Toys.

Not long ago M. Lepine, the prefect of police, organized an annual toy competition, and the toy that wins a prize becomes, so they say, hall marked and is certain to attract attention. The chief feature this season is called "Le Circuit de l'Est," thus named after the great aeroplane race through France a few months ago. It is very cleverly contrived and shows a biplane and a monoplane revolving at a great speed around a church steeple.

Another contrivance, half toy, half race game, consists of four aeroplanes turning round a mast and rising one above the other. It contains the genuine sporting element. I noticed too that wild beasts are plentiful, especially bears and tigers, although monkeys also are very well represented. Altogether toys have been very ingeniously treated this year.

The Versatile Farmer.

As a matter of fact the farmer is one of the very few men who are qualified to be called "all round men." His roofless workshop is at a distance from communities of any considerable size, hence he naturally and almost insensibly becomes a master, in part at least, of practically all the trades and professions—not because he is miserly or lacking in funds, but because he must grapple with things at first hands.

He becomes perforce a bricklayer, carpenter, plumber, butcher, sheepherder, swineherd, hunter, veterinary surgeon, dentist, well driller, bacteriologist, entomologist, and at times minister, tinsmith, watchmaker, harness maker, banker, doctor, lawyer and even on occasion, an undertaker. —From the Craftsman.

The Critic's View.

"Excuse me, Watkins," said Penley, "but would you mind giving me your opinion of a little bit of verse I have written?"

"Certainly not," said Watkins.

"Fire ahead."

"Thanks, old man," said Penley.

"Here is the opening stanza."

"I am the wind that blows away."

"I am the gale that ruffs the sea, I am the zephyrs soft that play in and about the woodland tree."

"Why," said Watkins, lighting his pipe as he meditated, "I should say that that was a very breezy poem." —Harper's Weekly.

Hard Luck Either Way.

Hewitt—What queer things you see when you haven't got a gun.

Jewett—And if you have the gun, the law isn't off.

VERY UNPLEASANT.



When you are taking a nice walk in the country to be picked up like this! Yet it is only a glimpse into the future.

PASTORAL.



Hogaboom—Scribbles' latest poem is bound in calf.
Hostetter—Go on! You don't say!
Hogaboom—Yes; it fell out of his pocket and a foolish heifer swallowed it.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?



"Who's the little round-shouldered nonentity with the spectacles?"
"Oh, he's the incomparable illustrious Noble Grand Magnificent of the Supreme Order of Unsurpassables."

WHEN THE SEINE FLOODS PARIS



"Hey, Janitor, my cellar is full of water!"
"You certainly don't expect wine at the rent you pay, do you?"

ASSOCIATION.



Hi Flyer—Mort Gage is getting crankier every day.
Sky Hyer—That comes from crankling that machine of his.

Indianapolis, Columbus & Southern Traction Company.

In Effect Nov. 14, 1910	
Northbound	Southbound
Leaves L. V. Seymour	Arrives L. V. Seymour
6:55 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
8:10 a. m.	7:53 a. m.
9:00 a. m.	8:53 a. m.
9:17 a. m.	9:19 a. m.
10:00 a. m.	9:53 a. m.
11:17 a. m.	11:10 a. m.
12:00 m.	11:53 a. m.
1:17 p. m.	12:25 p. m.
2:00 p. m.	1:10 p. m.
2:17 p. m.	2:10 p. m.
3:00 p. m.	3:53 p. m.
4:00 p. m.	4:10 p. m.
5:00 p. m.	4:53 p. m.
6:17 p. m.	6:10 p. m.
7:00 p. m.	6:53 p. m.
8:17 p. m.	7:53 p. m.
9:00 p. m.	8:10 p. m.
10:45 p. m.	9:53 p. m.
11:55 p. m.	11:53 p. m.

—Indianapolis, Columbus & Southern Traction Co.
—Greenwood.
—Columbus.
—Hoosier Flyers. —Dixie Flyers.
—Seymour-Indianapolis Limited.
—Makes no country stops between Indianapolis and Edinburg, but makes all stops south of Edinburg; connects with the B. & O. west, leaving Seymour at 1:03 p. m.
—Cares make connections at Seymour with train of the B. & O. R. R. and Southern Indiana R. R. for all points east and west of Seymour.
For rates and full information, see agents and official time table folders in all cars.
General Offices—Columbus, Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS AND LOUISVILLE TRACTION COMPANY.

In effect May 10, 1910.	
Northbound	Southbound
Leaves L. V. Seymour	Arrives L. V. Seymour
6:55 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
8:10 a. m.	7:53 a. m.
9:00 a. m.	8:53 a. m.
9:17 a. m.	9:19 a. m.
10:00 a. m.	9:53 a. m.
11:17 a. m.	11:10 a. m.
12:00 m.	11:53 a. m.
1:17 p. m.	12:25 p. m.
2:00 p. m.	1:10 p. m.
2:17 p. m.	2:10 p. m.
3:00 p. m.	3:53 p. m.
4:00 p. m.	4:10 p. m.
5:00 p. m.	4:53 p. m.
6:17 p. m.	6:10 p. m.
7:00 p. m.	6:53 p. m.
8:17 p. m.	7:53 p. m.
9:00 p. m.	8:10 p. m.
10:45 p. m.	9:53 p. m.
11:55 p. m.	11:53 p. m.

—Indianapolis, Columbus & Southern Traction Co.
—Greenwood.
—Columbus.
—Hoosier Flyers. —Dixie Flyers.
—Seymour-Indianapolis Limited.
—Makes no country stops between Indianapolis and Edinburg, but makes all stops south of Edinburg; connects with the B. & O. west, leaving Seymour at 1:03 p. m.
—Cares make connections at Seymour with train of the B. & O. R. R. and Southern Indiana R. R. for all points east and west of Seymour.
For rates and full information, see agents and official time table folders in all cars.
General Offices—Columbus, Indiana.

"SOUTHEASTERN LINE"

Chicago, Terre Haute and Southeastern Railway.	
Northbound	Southbound
Leaves L. V. Seymour	Arrives L. V. Seymour
6:55 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
8:10 a. m.	7:53 a. m.
9:00 a. m.	8:53 a. m.
9:17 a. m.	9:19 a. m.
10:00 a. m.	9:53 a. m.
11:17 a. m.	11:10 a. m.
12:00 m.	11:53 a. m.
1:17 p. m.	12:25 p. m.
2:00 p. m.	1:10 p. m.
2:17 p. m.	2:10 p. m.
3:00 p. m.	3:53 p. m.
4:00 p. m.	4:10 p. m.
5:00 p. m.	4:53 p. m.
6:17 p. m.	6:10 p. m.
7:00 p. m.	6:53 p. m.
8:17 p. m.	7:53 p. m.
9:00 p. m.	8:10 p. m.
10:45 p. m.	9:53 p. m.
11:55 p. m.	11:53 p. m.

—Indianapolis, Columbus & Southern Traction Co.
—Greenwood.
—Columbus.
—Hoosier Flyers. —Dixie Flyers.
—Seymour-Indianapolis Limited.
—Makes no country stops between Indianapolis and Edinburg, but makes all stops south of Edinburg; connects with the B. & O. west, leaving Seymour at 1:03 p. m.
—Cares make connections at Seymour with train of the B. & O. R. R. and Southern Indiana R. R. for all points east and west of Seymour.
For rates and full information, see agents and official time table folders in all cars.
General Offices—Columbus, Indiana.

Chicago, Terre Haute and Southeastern Railway Company.

EXCURSION RATES.	
Summer Tourist to various points, dates of sale June 3rd to Sept. 30th, 1911.	
North American Skat League, Pittsburg, Pa. Dates of sale 8, 9 and 10.	
Saengerfest of the North American, Saengerbund of the United States, Milwaukee, Wis. Dates of sale June 20, 21 and 22.	
For further information call on or write the undersigned.	
S. L. CHERRY, Genl. Agt., Seymour, Ind.	
H. P. RADLEY, G. P. A., Terre Haute, Ind.	

"SOUTHEASTERN LINE"

Chicago, Terre Haute and Southeastern Railway Company

Round trip excursion rates to Pacific Coast Points, Seattle, Wash. Los Angeles, Cal., Tacoma, Wash. San Francisco, Cal. and other points. For full particulars, as to rates, dates of sale return limits etc., call on or write the undersigned.	
H. P. RADLEY, G. P. A., Terre Haute, Ind.	
S. L. CHERRY, Agent, Seymour, Ind.	

"SOUTHEASTERN LINE"

Chicago, Terre Haute and Southeastern Railway Company

HOME-SEEKERS EXCURSION RATES	
To various, western, Southwestern, Northwestern and Canada Points.	
Dates of sale, June 6th and June 20th, 1911. For full information call on or write the undersigned.	
S. L. CHERRY, Genl. Agent, Seymour, Ind.	
H. P. Radley, G. P. A., Terre Haute, Ind.	

Women as Well as Men are Made Miserable by Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh, or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers who found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy needed. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

PRISONER'S CONDUCT MAY SECURE PARDON

Kentuckian Declined to Accept Chance to Escape.

Frankfort, Ky., June 7.—William Hall, aged 22 years, a prisoner, became lost in this city from L. L. Hopkins, deputy sheriff of Bell county, who was bringing Hall to the penitentiary to serve a sentence of five years for manslaughter.

Hall wandered around inquiring his way to the prison and surrendered to Warden Mudd, stating that he had been sent up for five years, but had become lost from the deputy sheriff.

Mudd refused to accept him and Hall sat in front of the prison, saying he knew Hopkins would inquire about him, and he was waiting for him.

To repay Hall for his integrity a petition has been started for his pardon.

BLAMED NEWSPAPERS

Defendant's Lawyer Says His Client Was Deprived of Fair Trial.

Logansport, Ind., June 7.—Attorneys for Samuel A. Michael, convicted of manslaughter, argued their motion for a new trial in the Cass circuit court. They said conditions were such that it was impossible for their client to obtain a fair trial and they blamed the newspapers for it. Senator Frank M. Kistler, chief counsel for Michael, says the accounts of the tragedy and the trial which appeared in the Logansport newspapers were so unfair that they created widespread prejudice against the defendant.



Copyright 1911 by Outcalt Advertising Co., Chicago

May 1911.

Dear Friend:—Meal makes good bread, meal makes mush, Oat meal makes good mush for breakfast. You can see many breakfast foods at the grocer's.

Corn Meal, per sack.....10c
Oat Meal, per pkge.....10c
Cream of Wheat, per pkge.....15c
Ralston Breakfast Food, pkge.....15c
Puffed Wheat, per pkge.....10c
Puffed Rice, per pkge.....15c

Your Friend,
JACOB.

P. S. They sell so many breakfast foods whereby that they are always fresh at

BRAND'S

SKIPPER MADE FATAL BLUNDER

Mistook Breakers for School of Sardines.

SHIP PLUNGED ON THE ROCKS

Twenty-Three Lives Were Lost When a Panama Vessel Ran Ashore on Account of Singular Error of the Pilot, Who With the Captain of the Vessel, Is Held in Jail at Colon to Answer Charges.

Colon, June 7.—Pilot Matthews ran his ship, the Taboga, upon the dangerous point of Cuanico, off the coast of Los Santos, mistaking the breakers ahead for a school of sardines, as a result of which twenty-three lives were lost and Matthews and Captain Campbell were arrested and are held incommunicado here. Officers of the steamer David, which has arrived here, bring details of the disaster. Eighty survivors were aboard the vessel. The reef tore a great hole in the ship's bow. As the water rushed in the captain ordered the women and children to assemble in the main dining saloon. Then the steamer headed for shore. The headway was slow and the confusion increased. The shouts of the 120 passengers were interrupted by cries of terror from hundreds of cattle and hogs aboard.

Several lifeboats were launched in safety. Then the ship's largest boat was swung out and rapidly filled with women and children. A heavy sea slapped against it and a rush of maddened steers crushed the davits. The boat went down end foremost and only two persons in it escaped.

The captain stayed aboard until the last boat put off and was hauled up on the little craft just as the steamer made its final lurch. There are said not to have been enough boats to accommodate passengers and crew, and some of the survivors made their way ashore upon boards and trunks. Two passengers mounted upon the backs of bullocks which bore them four miles through a heavy sea, to the coast and safety.

Most of the dead were members of the leading families of the interior, and the sinking of the ship caused a storm of indignation here. The arrest of the two officers mentioned followed immediately upon the arrival of the David.

TEST OF RIVER WATER

The Ohio to Be Inspected as to Its Sanitary Condition.

Indianapolis, June 7.—For the purpose of analyzing the water of the Ohio river, Guy Cravens, head of the water laboratory of the state health board, will begin a sanitary survey of the river from the Ohio line to the Illinois line, under the direction of the state board, June 15. The collection of samples will be made by motor boat and laboratory tests will be made in the laboratory at the statehouse. The stream will be tested for the amount of sewage poured in from the cities draining into it and for the amount and class of wastes poured in from factories on the banks. The board expects to use the data in advancing the sanitary conditions of the communities bordering on the river.

Women's Quarrel Starts Tragedy.

Louisville, Ky., June 7.—A quarrel, it is claimed, between the wives of H. B. Clark, foreman for the Sewer Construction company, and Ellis Conner, a machinist, had a tragic termination when in a pistol duel between the two men Conner probably was fatally wounded. Clark escaped without a scratch.

Special Session in Illinois.

Springfield, Ill., June 7.—Governor Deneen has called the legislature back into special session to convene at noon June 14, for the purpose of acting on the waterway bill, which Speaker Adkins blocked from going to a vote in the house during the recent regular session.

Death Cup Barred in Illinois.

Springfield, Ill., June 7.—The common drinking cup at public fountains and all public drinking places has been abolished in Illinois, Governor Deneen having signed the bill passed by the recent legislature, placing a ban on the use of the utensil.

WEATHER EVERYWHERE

Observers of United States weather bureaus taken at 8 p. m. yesterday follow:

Temp	Weather
New York.....61	Cloudy
Boston.....54	Rain
Denver.....54	Pt. Cloudy
San Francisco..50	Cloudy
St. Paul.....58	Clear
Chicago.....72	Clear
Indianapolis...75	Cloudy
New Orleans...88	Clear
Washington...62	Rain
Philadelphia...62	Cloudy

Generally fair; same Thursday.

CHARLES H. HYDE.
Former City Chamberlain of New York, Under Indictment.

New York, June 7.—On the last day the statute allowed Charles H. Hyde to plead to the indictment for bribery, the former city chamberlain appeared in the criminal branch of the supreme court and demanded a speedy trial. The date of trial will be fixed today.

MEXICO'S LIBERATOR
HAILED AT CAPITAL

Madero the Hero of the People Warmly Received.

Mexico City, June 7.—The biggest reception ever held in Mexico City is being arranged for the arrival of Francisco Madero, jr., who is expected to arrive here today. It is expected at least 200,000 persons will take part in the celebration and the parade from the railroad station to the national palace. The real reception is to be held at the palace this evening. After the festivities Madero will go to his home in the American colony, which has recently been rearranged.

Many persons fear riots, as the police protection of late has been slack. This is because the authorities have been inclined to let the people have a trifle more liberty. Almost every day since De La Barra was inaugurated as president small bands have been parading the streets. The police have paid no attention to the demonstrations. An order closing all saloons and pulque shops was promulgated yesterday and is effective today.

REPORTERS BARRED

No Way of Getting at Witnesses in Lumber Trust Hearing.

Chicago, June 7.—The government's secret grand jury inquiry into the lumber trust is being continued. Witnesses are taken to the grand jury room in a private elevator and from the building by a secret passageway, entrance to which is guarded by secret service men. Witnesses are accompanied to and from the building by secret service men who refuse to permit reporters near them.

He Didn't Obey Orders.

Washington, June 7.—Charles D. Evans, unassigned recruit, Fort Slocum, N. Y., has been ordered dishonorably discharged from the army and sentenced to two years' imprisonment at hard labor for refusing to have his teeth filled as directed by a superior officer.

It Wasn't "Pete the Painter."

Manila, June 7.—The man who was arrested on arrival here on suspicion that he was "Pete the Painter," who is wanted in London in connection with the Houndsditch murders, has been released.

Rat Day Was a Success.

Princeton, Ind., June 7.—Many persons in the town and country observed Gibson county's rat killing yesterday, and hundreds of the rodents were killed.

THE NATIONAL GAME

Outcome of Yesterday's Games in the Three Leading Leagues.

National League.	
At Cincinnati—	R.H.E.
Philadelphia 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 6 1	
Cincinnati 0 0 0 0 3 0 2 0—5 8 1	
Chalmers and Doolin; Suggs and McLean.	
At Chicago—	
Brooklyn... 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 1—3 7 1	
Chicago... 2 0 0 2 0 1 0 0—5 7 0	
Bell and Bergen; Richie and Kling.	
At Pittsburg—	
New York... 0 0 0 0 0 3 0 0—3 6 3	
Pittsburg... 0 1 0 0 3 0 0 0—4 8 2	
Raymond and Wilson; Leifield and Simon.	
American League.	
At Washington—	R.H.E.
Cleveland... 3 0 5 0 0 0 0 0—8 11 0	
Washington 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0—2 8 2	
Gregg and Land; Sherry and Ainsmith.	
American Association.	
At Kansas City, 5; Minneapolis, 10.	
At Louisville, 2; Indianapolis, 1.	
At Milwaukee, 1; St. Paul, 0.	
At Columbus, 5; Toledo, 6.	

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

STOLEN—Hearsey special bicycle No. 3167, red tires, 22-inch frame, dark blue with aluminum head and stripes. Return to Wm. H. Steinker, at Blish Milling Co. j6d&wtf

LOST—\$5.00 between Gates' Store and Russell's Meat Market. Return here. Reward. j7d

POSITIONS WANTED.—Perhaps you can't secure just the kind of employment in this city you desire. A "Position Wanted" ad in this paper and 99 other daily papers in Indiana, Illinois and Ohio will get what you want. \$2.50 per line each insertion. Austill Advertising Syndicate, Elwood, Indiana. Write for list of papers. eowtf

FOR SALE.—Young man's horse, unbroke, Mahogany bay, three years old, sixteen hands high, a Charlie G. first dam by Cutaway; second dam by Kentucky Belle, bred for speed. Phone 205. M. F. Bottorff, Seymour. d&w

FOR SALE—Household goods. Also buggy and desk chair. Sale Tuesday, June 13, 10 a. m. I. G. Saltmarsh, 509 E. Sixth street. j12d

FOR SALE—Sweet potato plants at Geo. Frederick's place, east end of Laurel street. Phone 318-R. j6d-tf

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Farm of 160 acres at a bargain if sold soon. Inquire here. j1dtf

FOR SALE—Fine cherries. 30 cents gallon. Mrs. H. C. Beyer, R. F. D. 1, Seymour. j8d

FOR SALE—Fine rubber tired survey and harness. Cheap. S. A. Barnes. j6tf

FOR SALE—Hall-tree, some chairs and a bed. 531 North Walnut St. j7d

FOR RENT.—House on corner of Second and Blish streets. Inquire F. V. Prevo, North Vernon, Ind. m16d-tf

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms for light house keeping. Light, heat and bath furnished. 115 W. Second street. j7d

FOR RENT.—New five room cottage corner Broadway and Eighth St. Inquire T. F. Stewart. j10d

FOR RENT—Four rooms, either furnished or empty. 119 West Tipton. Sam Wible. m26d&tf

FOR RENT—Six room house. Corner Brown and Broadway. Inquire of James DeGolyer. m30d-tf

FOR RENT.—Furnished rooms with bath. 115 W. Second St. j7d

VAULT CLEANING—For good work call Mitchell and Lizenby. Phones 463 or 554-R. j12d

Seymour Temperatures.

The following are the maximum and minimum temperatures as shown by the government thermometers at the Seymour volunteer weather observation station and reported by J. Robt. Blair, observer. The figures are for twenty-four hours ending at noon:

	Max.	Min.
June 7, 1911	88	62

.28 inches rain.

Weather Indications.

Fair tonight and Thursday.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Oo.

Sold by Druggists, 75c
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A mob composed entirely of negroes lynched Alfred Johnson, another negro, near Shelby, Miss., for killing "Hamp" Moore, an aged negro. Johnson was locked up, but the negroes stormed the jail, overwhelming the officials.

A Peek Into His Pocket.

would show the box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve that E. S. Loper, a carpenter, of Marilla, N. Y. always carries. "I have never had a cut, wound, bruise, or sore it would not soon heal," he writes. Greatest healer of burns, boils, scalds, skin-eruptions, eczema, corns and piles. 25c at The Andrews Drug Co.

FIRE INSURANCE

A few dollars invested today may save you thousands tomorrow
E. W. BLISH, Over Cable Telegraph Office.

E. M. YOUNG,

Attorney, U. S. Collector and Notary Public. Abstracts a Specialty. Pfaffenberger Bldg., Seymour, Ind.

Frank Klosterman

Contracting House Painter
709 S. Poplar St., Seymour, Ind.
Orders may be left at Stanfield-Carlson

JACOB SPEAR JOHN HAGEL

Carpenters-Contractors
BUILDING AND REPAIRING
New work—hard wood floors a specialty
SPEAR & HAGEL
630 N. Chestnut St., Seymour, Ind.

LUTHER M. WARD,

CARPENTER and CONTRACTOR
Let me figure with you before you build.
Repair work a specialty.
4270 Oak St. Phone 345

THOS. J. CLARK

Fire, Accident and Tornado
INSURANCE
Surety Bonds
Opera House Block, Seymour, Indiana

SUOIE MILLS MATLOCK

Piano Teacher,
Res. Studio: 521 N. Chestnut St.
SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

Marquett & Marquett

Contractors and Painters
Always Give Satisfaction.
Telephone Number 157.

BAGGAGE TRANSFER.

Call 'Phone 468 for transfer of baggage or light hauling in all parts of the city. Residence' phone 612-R. SAM S. WIBLE.

W. H. BURKLEY

REAL ESTATE
INSURANCE
and LOANS
SEYMOUR, INDIANA

Fire, Lightning, Tornado and Automobile

Insurance
Phone 244
G. L. HANCOCK, Agt.
SEYMOUR, IND.

H. LETT, M. D. C.

Veterinary Surgeon
111 W. Third St., SEYMOUR.
Phones—New 643 and 644, Old 97 and 80.

KINDIG BROS.

ARCHITECTS
AND GENERAL CONTRACTORS
Home Office 4